THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 35. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HOME RULE TALK.

Final Debate in the House of Commons —Mr. Gladstone Moves the Third Reading of the Bill.

John Redmond Defines His Attitude Toward the Measure, and Says the Word "Provisional" is Stamped on Every Page.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—The last stage of the home rule debate in the house of commons began today. As usual on Wednesday the house met at noon. The exceptionally large attendance showed that the majority of the members who went to the country for their holidays recently had returned to hear the final speeches of the party leaders and to take part in the final division on next Friday night.

On the Irish benches hardly a seat was vacant. The Liberals and Radicals were present almost to a man. All the party leaders were cheered as they entered, but no great enthusiasm was shown until Mr. Gladstone and John Morley came in together. Then the Irish members rose cheering, the Liberals and Radicals joined them, and for nearly two minutes the house rang with shouts for the two men who had done most to render possible the advancement of the Home Rule bill to the third reading.

Before Mr. Gladstone rose to move the third reading a few amendments were added to the bill at the instance of Mr. Morley, chief secretary for Ireland. After they had been disposed of without debate, Mr. Gladstone rose amid a storm of cheers. He began his speech with references to the criticisms made by Unionist leaders on the historical precedents he had cited on former occasions for home rule in Ireland. The opposition, he said, had contended that in no other countries could analogies be found for changing the union between Great Britain and Ireland. Their contention could not be supported by historical facts. In Austria-Hungary, in Norway and Sweden, in the United States, and in the British colonies were to be found the abundant proofs that it was altogether desirable to separate local from imperial affairs. Throughout European and American literature it was not possible to find a writer entitled to consideration who approved of the conduct of England toward Ireland or attempted to apologize for the grievous and shameful history which, since the Union, they had felt compelled to deplore.

Continuing, Mr. Gladstone said: "With Ireland, the result of our treatment is that we have brought her to such a state that she cannot without danger of ruin undertake responsibilities which in any other country are found to be within the capacity of the people and fraught with the richest benefits. We reject the charges that have been made by the opposition. We deny that the brand of incapacity has been laid by the Almighty upon any particular branch of our race when every other branch has displayed capability on the same subject and has attained the success which is an example to the world. We have faith in national liberty—faith in its efficacy as an instrument of national education. We believe that the experience, widespread over the whole vast field, encourages to our work at every point. Finally we feel that the passing of this great measure after more than eighty days of debate, does, will and must constitute the greatest among all steps hitherto provided toward the attainment of a certain and early triumph."

Prolonged cheers from the Irish and ministerial benches followed Mr. Gladstone's peroration. Leonard Courtney, Unionist for the Bodmin division of Cornwall, then moved the rejection of the bill. He spoke briefly.

John Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, who followed Mr. Courtney, defined his attitude toward the bill. The time occupied by the discussion in committee he said had been spent properly for the most part. The bill was defective in some respects and disappointing in others. The financial arrangement was ungenerous and unjust, and he regretted that the efforts of the Nationalists to improve it had not been successful. The amendments had tended to weaken rather than strengthen the bill. Nobody in his senses could regard the bill as a final and satisfactory settlement of the great questions at issue. The word "provisional" was stamped on every page.

A Battle for Blood

Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

About 10 o'clock on the night of Tuesday, Aug. 15, a young man named Francis Maguire, a coachman in the employment of Mr. McNeill, Donnellstown, was, it is stated, handling a bottle of "finish," when the bottle exploded and broke a lighted lamp which was close by. Maguire was immediately enveloped in flames amd received terrible injuries. Dr. Cosgrave, Kilcock, attended the injured man, but notwithstanding his efforts the young man succumbed to his injuries, and died on thursday morning about 3 o'clock. An inquest was held on Friday. Great sympathy is expressed in the locality for the deceased, who was very popular.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Byrne took place from her late residence, Clover, Gowran, on last Wednesday week, and it was the best testimony in which the deceased was held, for such a large and representative funeral is seldom witnessed in a country town.

On the 9th ult. the lightning wrought terrible destruction, principally on cattle and horses in county Meath. Among those who sustained loss were Mr. Hugh Cullen, Liscarton, seven beasts; Mr. Roe, Kilmore, four beasts; Mr. Coroner Reilly, two brood mares; Mr. Martin, Kilnessan, a very fine Tartan colt, and Mr. L. Ball, Dowdstown, Maynooth, a valuable brood mare.

The sufferers from smallpox in Callan hospital are getting along satisfactorily. They have been able to rise and spend a few hours out of bed each day since Monday week. The utmost caution is, however, exercised by the medical officers and nurses, there being more danger at present than at any previous stage of the disease, of the infection being communicated.

In the early part of the afternoon of the 18th ult. the thermometer at the establishment of Messrs. Chancellor in Dublin registered 76½ degrees in the shade. Each day's register has been recorded in this establishment, and this is the highest yet reached during the present year.

On Aug. 14 an extensive seizure of cattle, comprising eighteen young stock and six milch cows, was made on the lands of Catherine and William Walsh, near Lukeswell, in satisfaction of a judgment for rent amounting to about £120. The cattle were driven to the pound in Kilkenny by two bailiffs.

On Wednesday, Aug. 16, at the Convent of Mercy, Naas, Miss Minnie Dunne, eldest daughter of Mr. Matthew Dunne, Punchestown House, was received into the order by the Most. Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. Her name in religion is Sister Mary Rose. The reception was private, none but the immediate circle of friends being present.

Munster.

About 7 o'clock on the night of July 24 a serious fire broke out in Waterford, in the oil and color store of Mr. Henry Bell, Exchange street. Nearly 1,000 barrels of petroleum as well as other inflamable substances were in the building, and it was situated in the centre of a large block of houses, one side of which borders on the quay. The corporation and military fire brigades turned out promptly, and were in a short time reinforced by the bluejackets which form the crews of the torpedo flotilla which is at present lying at Parade quay. One hundred barrels of petroleum were saved and rolled over to the water's edge, but the rest were destroyed. Several firemen and civilians sustained serious injuries. The whole block, bordered by the quay, Exchange street, High street, and Conduit street, was destroyed.

At the recent Cork athletic sports a carman named O'Herlihy, in the employment of Pickford & Co., was in charge of a dray loaded with empty bottles, and when leaving the grounds the vehicle stuck in the soft earth. While endeavoring to extricate the dray from the rut, O'Herlihy was thrown down, the wheel passing over his body and killing him instantly.

Col. O'Callaghan, Bodyke, and his tenants, between whom there has been considerable difficulty regarding the payment of rent, have come to a settlement. The settlement removes the disagreeable apprehension of an extensive eviction campaign, and which was being arranged to take place within a month.

On Saturday, Aug. 12, a destructive fire broke out in the oil and color establishment of Messrs. J. and G. Boyd, William street, Limerick, and before it could be subdued gutted the entire premises and the Limerick Refreshment Rooms adjoining. The damage, which is estimated at £25,000, is covered by insurance.

Two suicides took place in Dublin on Tuesday, Aug. 15. John Sharpless, a retired army officer, took his life by cutting his throat, at his residence in Leeson street; and a baker named John Larkin cut his throat at his residence in Besborought terrace, Ranelagh.

The saddest boating accident ever recorded on the Shannon occurred at Carrig Island on Tuesday night, Aug. 15, at 11 o'clock, resulting in the loss of the entire party in a boat, numbering seventeen residents of Tarbert. A party of excursionists were returning from Kilkee, and embarked in an open boat from the Clare side to cross over to Kerry. All appears to have gone well until near the shore. Cries were heard distinctly at 9 o'clock a long distance away. All along the shore the cries were listened to by anxious friends, and one boat put out to the assistance of the ill fated party, but owing to the darkness of the night and the strong ebb tide they were unsuccessful. At 10:30 o'clock two girls in Carrig Island heard screams quite close to their house, but as the sailors have recently been removed from that place no assistance could be rendered. A telegram from the postmaster at Carrigaholt the next day told the sad news of the finding of a boat, bottom upwards, with the owner's name and address. Following is a complete list of those who were drowned: John Murphy and son, owners of the boat, fishermen, and supporters of a large family; Mary Scanlan (schoolmistress, Kanturk National School), Bridget Scanlan, Katie Scanlan, and Michael Scanlan, all four of one family; Patrick Lyndon and his sister Mary, whose parents are elderly people, and are much to be pitied, as the deceased son and daughter were all the relatives that were left in Ireland, the other members of the family having emigrated; Michael and Thomas Bovenizer, sons of a respectable former in Sallowglen; John Holly, Willie Naughton, Tom Glazier, farmers' sons; Hannah Sullivan, Norah Fitzgerald, Johanna McGrath, and Richard Allen.

Connacht.

Two weeks ago eight co-tenants of the marquis of Sligo were evicted at Feenune about five miles from Louisburgh for non-payment of rent. Only two tenants, Patrick Kelly and J. Ward, lived on the holding. The bailiffs threw out all Ward's furniture and a portion of Kelly's, when the latter paid the entire arrears and was reinstated as tenant of the entire holding. The cattle, horses and geese, of the other co-tenants were turned off the land. The entire arrears amounted to about £28. Sergt. Guinane and three constables accompanied the sheriff's bailiff's, Loftus and Joyce. At Aughenoy and Aillemore further evictions are expected.

Mr. Kempster, Mt. Pleasant avenue, Ballinasloe, who was for fifty-four years county engineer for East Galway, died at his residence on Aug. 15, at the good age of 80. He was interred in Glanluhane, the funeral being very large. Three years ago he retired from the position of county engineer, but continued to practice his profession as an engineer up to a week of his death, having enjoyed through life the best of health.

John B. O'Grady, of Mahanagh, county Sligo, died on Aug. 16, at the premature age of 40 years.

Mr. Dominick Hastings, proprietor of the Anchor Buildings, left Westport on Wednesday week for the Chicago Exhibition and a tour through the States.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. John O'Malley, eldest son of Mr. Owen O'Malley, T. C., P. L. G. (and grandson of the late Mr. John Brennan, which took place at his father's residence, Shop street, Westport. The deceased, who was only in his 18th year, was a young man of considerable promise, and was a great favorite with his schoolfellows and companions. He fell into bad health about six months ago, and notwithstanding the incessant care of loving friends and all that medical skill could do he gradually grew worse until it became apparent a few weeks since that his end was near. He died fortified by the consolations of holy religion and fully resigned to the Divine Will.

Ulster.

A sum of about a quarter of a million sterling, to be known as the Ulster Defense Fund, has been privately promised in Belfast and the North of Ireland, for the purpose of defeating in every way the practical operation of the Home Rule bill. The funds may be made payable in calls extending over five years, and it is to be drawn upon only in the event of the bill being passed. In this respect it differs from the Special Guarantee Fund, now amounting to about £37,000, which has been subscribed largely in Dublin under the auspices of the Irish Unionist Alliance. That fund is payable by annual instalments over a period of three years, viz., from '94 to '96 inclusive, and will be actually called up and banked in order to aid in opposing directly or indirectly either the Home Rule bill or any bill tending to impair the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. An executive committee has been appointed for the collection and administration of the fund.

A disgraceful exhibition was witnessed on Tuesday, Aug. 15, at Scarva, on the arrival of a Catholic band from Tullylish. A few of the bandsmen left their comrades for a few minutes while waiting the arrival of a train to go on to Portadown. The band was then attacked by a number of Orange rowdies, and some of the members received serious injuries, but one man, in particular, received a most fearful gash over his eye. Only for the timely interference of the constabulary, matters would have been most serious.

The Orange party in Belfast made the release of the convict Walker the occasion for a display on Friday night week of the usual loyalist regard for law and order. Large crowds headed by bands playing party tunes, gathered on the confines of the Catholic districts and indulged in their well known efforts to provoke a riot. At every point of contact which has been in the past the scene of conflict the Orange "demonstrators" stopped and defiantly cheered and launched forth insulting challenges. One of the contingents returning home about 11 o'clock made the *Irish News* office the object of a special display of Orange vigor, and stones were thrown at the building. The Nationalists refused to be drawn from their peaceful attitude of contemptuous indifference for such proceedings. Such exhibitions of lawless bigotry injure nobody but those who indulge in them.

"BELLS OF SHANDON."

A Most Interesting Account of the Life and Career of the Celebrated Rev. Francis Mahony, Alias "Father Prout."

How He Managed to Astonish the World of Literature and Made Ireland's Tom Moore "As Mad As a March Hare."

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Most of the students of English literature can easily recall to mind the name of Father Prout, but few are familiar with that of Rev. Francis Mahony. Yet both were one and the same; for Prout was the pseudonym of the Rev. litterateur. There are not many, however, cognizant of the fact that there was at one time a real live Father Prout in the diocese of Cork, who had been for years the pastor of Watergrasshill, a parish in which the famous Blarney stone is located. He was a simple-minded, unsophisticated old man when young Mahony knew him, now some six decades ago. The knowledge of moral theology, which the P.P. had acquired, was sufficient to enable him to take spiritual charge of his flock, but he was absolutely ignorant of literature, history and other mundane subjects. Shortly after the death of the venerable ecclesiastic, Mahony, who was then on the staff of *Frazer's Magazine*, in London, contributed to that periodical a series of interesting and erudite papers entitled "The Reliques of Father Prout." In introducing them to the notice of his readers, Mahony, who concealed himself behind the pen-name of Oliver Yorke, announced that Father Prout had left him all his valuable MSS. which would now appear in successive numbers of *Frazer*. The essays, which astonished the literary world of that day by their scholarly qualities and stately eloquence of style, were written on such themes as "An Apology for Lent," in which the parish priest of Blarney proved by quotations from the Fathers of the Church and other authorities that fish was more nutritious and palatable than any kind of meat; "A Defense of the Jesuits," the logic of which dumbfounded every light in the Protestant camp; a "Visit of Sir Walter Scott to Blarney," on which occasion the aged cure proved to him the oriental origin of the stone which the Scotch baronet kissed at great risk of life and limb; the "Rogueries of Tom Moore," in which the author "translated" some of the Irish poet's melodies into quaint old classic French, and gave them to the public as originals alleged to have been found in the archives of continental libraries—thus showing up the "poet of all circles and the idol of his own" as a plagiarist of a most shame-faced type! These articles, particularly the last, caused the utmost sensation in literary coteries all over the British Isles. Moore became as mad as a March hare over the unfounded accusation brought against him. Oliver Yorke simply replied by congratulating him on his skill as a translator! Other articles which demonstrated Father Prout's intimate knowledge of Cork city and its intellectual and political status caused a still greater sensation on the banks of the Lee, where the worthy mayor and aldermen woke up one fine morning to find themselves famous—thanks to the publicity given them in *Frazer*. No one, except Dr. Maginn, the then editor, who was, like Mahony himself a Corkman, had any idea of the identity of the real author of those scathing and talented contributions. In Cork city people nudged each other in the ribs, and laughed their lungs hoarse at the idea that the late Father Prout could have had anything whatsoever to do with such learned lucubrations. Nor was it known for years afterward that the *deus ex machina* was none other than the Rev. Francis Mahony.

Mahony was born in Cork in 1804, of a prosperous Kerry family that had settled in that city, and became the originators and owners of the celebrated Blarney tweed industry, which, I believe, is still under their control. At an early age the young lad was sent by the bishop of Cork to the Irish College of Rome, where he prosecuted his ecclesiastical studies for several years. The venerable nonogenarian, Dr. Kirby, archbishop of Ephesus, who is still alive, was a fellow-student of Mahony. I had an interview with the doctor in 1886, at a time when he had been for almost half a century the rector of that establishment. It was from the lips of this veteran ecclesiastic that I learned the circumstances attendant on the composition of the "Bells of Shandon," by Mahony. These remarkable lines were penciled by their author on the wall of his cell one languid summer afternoon when the college was enjoying its *siesta*. The dean of the house saw them as he was making his daily rounds next morning, and while he complimented the youth on his poetical talent, reminded him that his mission in life just then was not to become a poet, but a priest. Mahony, who was at that time a shy and timid lad, took the mild rebuke in good part, and promised to sin no more. His curriculum at the propaganda was a success from start to finish, and he was very popular with professors and students alike; but when his time came for taking holy orders, he decided that he was unfit for the work of an Irish country priest. He was too fond of books and study to devote himself with sufficient ardor to the many outdoor cares and responsibilities associated with parochial ministrations on a bleak hillside, and among a people who probably would never be able to appreciate him. He accordingly applied for and was granted admission into the Jesuit College of Amiens, and a few years subsequently was transferred to a college of the same society in Paris, where he read a profound course of theology, and was in due time elevated to the priesthood. His intimate and extensive knowledge of languages and European literature qualified him for a professional chair in the last named college—a post which he held, however, only for a short period.

He had up to this epoch in his life been convinced that the career of a religious was suited to his temperament. He now discovered to his dismay that he had no real vocation for the priesthood. He felt bitterly, I am told, at separating himself from his Jesuit colleagues—a step he took once he had resolved on trying his fortune in the literary world of London. "I would have been a zealous priest, and, perhaps, a most effective preacher," he once said to J. P. Leonard of Paris, "were it not for the mania which I had for the pen, and the secular erudition in which I had been steeped." He proceeded to London, where his first struggles for existence were hard and arduous enough. He would have received financial aid from home if he had asked for it, but he was too proud to do so. At length, toward the close of the twenties, he secured an introduction to Dr. Maginn, a fellow Corkman, who, after having seen and examined some of Mahony's literary wares, offered him a position on the staff of *Frazer's Magazine*. It was in this magazine that his "Reliques of Father Prout" were first published, and won for the pseudo Oliver Yorke a prominent place among the leading litterateurs of England. The contributors to *Frazer* numbered among them the leading writers of the time, and used to assemble once a month in a London restaurant, where they crossed legs under a table, rich with choice viands and crusted wines, around which wit and repartee flashed in brilliancy as clear as crystal, and quite as effervescent as the Veuve Clicquot champagne which they quaffed on such occasions. These were what Prout used to call the "nights and suppers of the gods." Maginn called them "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*." Here the young Irishman clinked glasses with another famous Corkman, Sergeant Murphy, with that dyspeptic and dogmatic ogre Carlyle, with Thackeray the humorist, and Maclise, the rollicking artist who illustrated the Prout Reliques, and who also hailed from the banks of the pleasant Lee. All these writers were the learned luminaries of *Frazer* in those days. The predominance of the Corkonians in the editorial sanctum of the magazine once drew from Carlyle the admission: "We should transfer our desks and printing press over to the classic purlieus of the Coal quay, my friends: for it is Cork and not London that illumines the pages of our monthly."

Some years after the retirement of Maginn from *Frazer's*, Francis Mahony, tired of London, returned to Paris, and spent almost the remainder of his career in the capacity of correspondent of the London *Globe*. His contributions to that journal were marvels of style, and full of interest—his pictures of Parisian life being particularly faithful to nature, and winning for his newspaper an immense popularity in London. Prout—this was the name by which he was known in the French capital—used to rent a modest suite of rooms in the Latin quarter close to the Sorbonne. Six times every week he would cross the Seine to the reading room of *Galignani's Messenger* in the Rue de Rivoli. Here he would write his daily letter, and afterwards stroll out into the Tuileries gardens, opposite where he would spend many of his evenings in reverie. At *Galignani's* he met at times such congenial Bohemian spirits as the late John Mitchel of '48 fame, rebel and refugee, James Stephens, the founder of the old Fenian organization, and the late J. P. Leonard, who enjoyed the official title of Irish Ambassador in Paris. Politically Prout was a rank Tory; but he managed to pull on very socially with these compatriots of his, two of whom professed very radical ideas on the Irish question. On a certain occasion, however, when an Englishman formed one of the company, Prout's Irish spirit could not restrain itself. It happened thus. The Anglo-Saxon happening to remark that Ireland needed the superior intelligence of Englishmen to control her destinies properly, Prout glared at him through his spectacles, and retorted: "All the same, sir, our forefathers were saints and scholars when yours were savages!"

One summer's day Father Prout and John Mitchel were taking a stroll through the woods of St. Cloud, a Parisian suburb. The weather was oppressively hot. Prout, who wore a cotton shirt, opened his collar to give himself more comfort—a circumstance which revealed the sight of a scapular to the astonished gaze of the Irish Presbyterian. Leonard was of the opinion that—disguise it as he tried to do—Prout was always a Catholic at heart. In England he affected a mild regard for Protestantism which was not sincere. In Paris his Catholicity secretly gained complete mastery over him once more. I was assured on good authority that he used to be often seen going at night to Notre Dame cathedral, and kneeling in prayer before a side chapel dedicated to the Madonna. These inner manifestations of piety had at last their logical result. He abandoned the pen and the world forever, and retired to a monastery, where he passed several years in penitential sorrow and suffering for any scandal he might have caused by his defection from the church. Here he died in the early portion of 1866. In May of that year his remains were transported to Cork, Ireland, where they were buried in the churchyard of St. Anne, Shandon, under the shadow of the steeple whose bells he had immortalized in the heyday of his youth and the springtide of his poetical ambition.

Prout, like Renan and other ex-ecclesiastics, dressed very severely, and looked like a clergyman in the dark austere clothes which he habitually wore. In conversation he had a slight Munster accent which, he was glad to admit, no amount of travel could ever wholly eradicate from his tongue. He had a high intellectual forehead, bald on top, and two piercingly critical eyes, usually bespectacled, which seemed to analyze the hidden soul of everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. Despite the severe expression of his face, he was nevertheless the wittiest of scholarly wags, and a genial humorist.—*Rosary Magazine*.

PROGRESS OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[*To the Editor.*]

I am frequently asked, "Is the Irish language still spoken in Ireland, or is the movement for its restoration still in progress?" Let Mr. J. J. McSweeney, the secretary, No. 6 Molesworth street, Dublin, answer. It is however, a matter of keen regret that while the interest in the language, literature and folk lore of the country is increasing the Irish-speaking population is diminishing, owing to emigration and other causes. A styptic is required for this linguistic leakage, but when or how the remedy is to be applied is a matter of serious consideration for every one interested in the preservation of the language.

The following information has been obtained from Mr. McSweeney: In 1892 the Irish language was taught in 45 national schools, in which the number of pupils examined was 755, and the number of pupils who passed was 515. The examiner reports that thirteen teachers presented themselves for examination as candidates for certificates of competency. The following counties sent candidates: Kerry, Waterford, Kilkenny, Clare, Galway, Donegal and Meath. The general answering was satisfactory, and was written and oral. The following will show the number of pupils who passed in Irish in each of the given years, showing the great progress the language is making: In 1881, 12; 1882, 17; 1883, 25; 1884, 93; 1885, 161; 1886, 321; 1887, 371; 1888, 443; 1889, 512; 1890, 531, so that the number of pupils who passed for teachers ran up from 12 to 531 in ten years—a good showing.

The secretary has received letters of encouragement from hundreds of gentlemen from many parts of Ireland, well known to many of the readers of THE CITIZEN, among which I find the names of Mr. P. Newell, B. A., Westport; Mr. D. Lehane, B.A., Tuam, Galway; James O'Brennan, Bealadangan, Galway; Jeremiah Dean, Camp, Tralee; Joseph O'Sullivan, Milltown, county Kerry; P. Sugrue, Caherciveen, and S. McGrath, Headford, Kerry. There is a whole page of the report taken up with the names of scholars like the above. The pupils who submitted to examination this year had to translate Keatings "Foras Feasa," and to write original sentences in Irish of equal excellence.

I am desirous of inoculating a few hundred of our fellow-citizens with the desire to make an effort to learn the ancient language of Ireland. Our schoolroom will accommodate 400 persons, 200 of whom should be ladies. Mr. John L. Wright, No. 626 West Adams street, and Mr. Martin F. McHale, of Minneapolis, an excellent reader of Gaelic, which he learned without a teacher, joined our school last Sunday, and Mr. Dion Geraldine and Miss O'Connor will join the class next Sunday. An invitation is extended to all members of the class to attend next Sunday for rehearsal of Irish songs to be sung on Irish Day, Sept. 30, at the World's Fair, and show the thousands who will be present the beauties of Irish melody from the days of Carolan to Moore.

Our meetings take place in City Clerk Gastfield's office, City Hall, first floor, which he kindly allows the class to use, free of charge, every Sunday at 2 p. m., and the teachers charge nothing. Don't neglect this opportunity.

MAURICE CREAN,
Secretary Gaelic Class.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The Approaching Dinner Hour

Is fraught with no pleasant anticipations for the unhappy mortal plagued with dyspepsia. Appetite seldom, discomfort after and between meals, always is his portion. Heartburn and flatulence subsequent to eating, a gnawing at the pit of the stomach before it, are only a few among the woes arising from this truly impish complaint. Sick headache, nervousness, constipation and biliousness are its diabolical offspring. Each and all of them are annihilated by Ho tetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the gastric organs and regulates the liver and the bowels with certainty and promptitude. Chills and fever, kidney trouble, rheumatism and neuralgia are also remedied by this medicine of rare purity and comprehensive uses. Invalids of all kinds are greatly and swiftly benefited by it.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

"Deep sunk in that bed is the sword of Monroe,
Since 'twixt it and Oonagh he met Owen Roe,
And Charlemont's cannon
Slew many a man on
These meadows below."

Noonday, on the 5th day of June, 1646, a glorious summer day, with a bright sun blazing in the blue, unclouded heaven, lighting up the beauteous landscape along the Ulster river of historic fame, the "far-famed Blackwater that runs to Lough Neagh," and sparkling on the polished arms and armor of a military force marching southward along the left or western bank of the stream.

This force consisted of about 1,000 infantry, headed by a single troop of cavalry, and had been sent by Owen Roe O'Neill, whose main army lay some miles in their rear, to feel the strength of the troops which his opponent Monroe was now leading against him.

The position of the rival armies may be thus explained: Monroe had appointed Glasslough, in the north of Monaghan, as a rendezvous whereat to meet his brother, Sir George, who was marching from Coleraine with a reinforcement of horse and foot to join him against O'Neill. But the active Irish general, now prepared for a regular battle, out-marched his enemies, reaching Glasslough long ere Monroe, and passing onwards across the Blackwater into Tyrone, where he halted and prepared for conflict at Benburb, directly between Monroe and his expected reinforcement. In order to get at O'Neill, Monroe had to cross the Blackwater. The more impertant fords and passes on that river were held by Irish troops. An Irish garrison held Charlemont Fort; one hundred Irish also held the remarkable passage of Portmore, where stood the "scurvie fort of Blackwater," which had once been such a bone of contention between the great Hugh of Tyrone and his mortal enemy Bagnal; and Owen Roe had also made wise provision for the defense of the ancient castle of Benburb, perched on the high cliff whence it took its name—Beinn-borb, the high ben or cliff. However, after considerable countermarching and delay, the Scottish general succeeded in crossing the stream at Kinard, or Caledon, in front of Sir Phelim O'Neill's ancestral stronghold, before alluded to in this tale. Once across he marched rapidly after Owen Roe, who detached against him, in order to test his strength and impede his progress, the force now under notice.

"My soul!" exclaimed one tall dragoon, in a undertone, "we are a long time without fighting. Here's the best part of the day gone, and here we are still marching, heaven knows whither."

"Grumbling again, Niall, my boy," said Edmund O'Tracy, jestingly, as he rode alongside his intended brother-in-law;—"where is your confidence in our commander? Do you mean to set up for a general, that you question the tactics of our Irish Fabius?"

"My sword against a bodkin," said the other, avoiding the question, put half in jest, half in reproach, "but we measure not swords this day with either Sassenach or Albanach."

"Don't risk your blade or you shall lose it. Believe me, Owen Roe means fighting."

"So do I—if I get the chance."

"I warrant you you shall get it soon enough."

"Right you are, Capt. O'Tracy," remarked a third speaker, Gen. O'Reilly, as he urged his horse abreast of Edmund's steed;—"there's tough work ahead. I've had it from one of MacNeney's horse, who was on the scout towards Armagh last night, that Monroe's force, as it bivouacked at Lochadern, near Sir Charles Poyntz's Pass, and at Hamilton's Bawn, numbered 6,000 infantry and 800 horse—a pretty figure. He must be well across Kinard by this time—ha!"

The colonel held aloft his hand and listened, as the distant notes of a trumpet were borne to his ears.

"See, see!" cried Niall O'Cuirnin;—"colonel machree, look yonder—as I live, Monroe's forlorn of horse!"

And he pointed to the southwest as he caught the first glimpse of the enemy. Forth from the thich copses of Ballykilgavan rode a long column of cavalry, their burnished arms gleaming in the sunlight as they came along at a rapid trot.

"Forward, cavalry, in skirmishing order;—blow fuses!" shouted O'Reilly, while Major O'Neill, who commanded the foot, at once threw his men into order of battle.

With loose bridles the cavalry rode forward to encounter the advancing enemy, each man holding his musketoon, or carbine, erect before him on the pommel of his saddle with one hand, while the other held his lighted match. The small body threw out their flanks as they advanced; then as soon as they were within musket-shot of the enemy, the command was given to halt, and, presenting his piece, each dragoon took steady aim.

On came the Scots, a division of Montgomery's men, stout yeomen of Down, hardy veterans who had fought ever since the beginning of the war, with grim, determined features and great moustachios that curled upwards almost to their eyes. On they came without abating their speed, shooting out their flanks as they galloped onward; but it was only when they had approached within quarter range that O'Reilly's command sounded:

"Give fire!"

The steady roll of the Irish musketry followed, and then at another word of command the cavalry drew their sabres and charged forward through the smoke with a loud hurrah. As they did so they saw several of the enemy falling dead or wounded from their saddles. Checked in their advance, the Scotch poured in a straggling volley which unhorsed many of the Irish, and next moment both parties were mixed up in a fierce hand-to-hand conflict.

With such an incident of war Edmund O'Tracy was now rather familiar, and he thrust, cut, and parried with all the ease, coolness, and dexterity of an experienced *sabreur*, until the victorious cheer of his party announced the victory, and the Scotch recoiled in disorder, leaving several of their number *hors de combat*.

"After them, *ma bouchals!*" exclaimed O'Reilly, with a flash of the warlike spirt which had distinguished his gallant and impetuous kinsman, the Slasher, and away galloped the cavalry on the track of their retreating enemies, while the infantry advanced after them at quick march.

Suddenly the united blare of several trumpets resounded on their right, and they saw a dense body of horse and foot manœuvring so as to cut off their retreat. It was the main body of Monroe's advance guard, or "forlorn," under the command of that general's son-in-law, Montgomery of Ardes.

The Irish trumpets sounded the recall, and the detachment at once commenced its retreat to the main body, the infantry choosing ground least favorable to the action of cavalry, and wheeling about now and then to give fire, while the horse with repeated charges covered their retreat.

It was in returning from one of those charges that Edmund heard a sudden cry for help, and looking around saw Gen. O'Reilly, dismounted, defending himself against two troopers, who were fiercely slashing at him with their swords. Instantly riding back, he snapped his pistol in the face of one of the assailants. The treacherous weapon hung fire, but he hurled it with violence in the face of the Scot, knocking him stunned from his saddle. At the same moment the sword of the other trooper descended with great force upon his helmet. Recovering quickly from the stroke, he turned to engage his adversary. As he did so it flashed upon him like lightning that he had seen the man's features before.

But where?

In a moment the answer came—in MacMahon's lodgings in Dublin, nigh six years before: for the trooper was no other than Owen O'Connolly, the infamous betrayer of the first plans of the patriots—he whose vile treachery had brought MacMahon and Maguire to the scaffold.

The recognition was mutual.

"Ha, treacherous dog!" cried O'Tracy, "do we meet at last?"

"What! cub of perdition, is it you?" roared O'Connolly; "and so the notch I gave your skull in Oxmantown has not sufficed for your wants. Well, here's another of the same kind."

And raising himself in his stirrups he dealt a heavy swordcut at O'Tracy. Fending off the stroke, the latter vigorously attacked him. But by this time O'Reilly had seized the bridle of the fallen trooper's horse and vaulted into the saddle. Not relishing the odds, the informer suddenly turned his horse's head, and, striking spurs, dashed off towards the advancing Scottish cavalry. O'Reilly drew a pistol and fired at his retreating form, but missed.

"A bad aim," ejaculated the general; "and yet I've often winged my man at treble the distance. Come, captain, 'tis our time now to retreat."

The bullets of their pursuers sang by their ears as they rode off to rejoin their companions, which they did unharmed. Ere retreating much further, they met advancing to their aid a corps of 500 men, half pikemen, half musketeers, and at once halting they turned and fought a spirited bout with their enemies, which ended in the Scots drawing off their "forlorn." The Irish joined their main body at Knocknacliagh without further fighting, and at once took the place assigned them in the array of battle.

Owen Roe had drawn up his little army in battle order in a position of which his ready eye had at once perceived the advantages. The Irish force was arrayed on a rising ground between two small hills. Behind it lay a thick wood, on its legt flank the Blackwater and the Oonagh mingled their waters, on the right lay a swampy bog, and in front lay broken, rough, hilly ground, covered with "scrags and bushes." The Irish front consisted of four columns of 1,000 men each, with ample space between for manœuvring, while about a furlong in their rear, under the umbrageous shade of the wood, was posted a reserve of another 1,000 men, under the command of Col. Rory Maguire.

No more solemn and impressive sight could be conceived than that of the patriot army as it waited the moment to strike a blow *pro aris et focis*. Steady, silent, and determined, each long, dark column lay along the hillside, its arms flashing back the brilliant sunshine, and the summer zephyrs fluttering its banners of the Confederation and of O'Neill. Stern and motionless they stood, those dark columns — those thunderclouds charged with the lightning of a nation's vengeance. The pistols and half-pistols which the papal nuncio brought from Rome had done a wondrous deal for the arming and equipment of those troops. Their seven weeks' drill and training under Owen Roe at the hill of the Gallanagh, in Cavan, had also done wonders for their discipline and skill in manœuvring, as well as for their military appearance; for at the training-ground mentioned every soldier was well fed, well clad, and got sixpence per diem of the "Pope's gold"—which latter circumstance caused that same hill of the Gallanagh to change its name to Cnoc-an-oir, or the hill of gold. Besides, a deep, religious feeling united and animated the host, inspiring it with a calm fortitude, deep confidence, and deep resolve, such as possessed the Hebrew army led by its God-selected commanders. For the Irish army had passed the morning that lay in pious preparation for the impending battle; the whole army confessing, the general and his officers receiving the holy communion, and the chaplain deputed by the nuncio imparting to all his blessing and exhortation. In a word, since the commencement of the war no more disciplined, gallant, religious, and enthusiastic army had taken the field in the cause of Irish liberty; as no more skilful, valiant, and beloved commander had yet appeared than the heroic Owen Roe.

The troop of horse in which Edmund O'Tracy commanded took up its position on the right flank of the army, so that he was in the immediate neighborhood of the eminence on which the general stood surrounded by a small staff of officers, among whom was Sir Phelim O'Neill, the former commander-in-chief.

It was past 4 o'clock when in the southwest appeared a long row of glittering helmets, as through the valleys opposite the Irish position wound the force of Monroe. The Covenanters' trumpets sounded loudly, their kettle-drums brattled, and their shrill fifes played the "point of war," as regiment after regiment, horse and foot, came rapidly up and took their places in battle order on a hill opposite the Irish.

"My word, a gallant array!" exclaimed Philip O'Reilly, who commanded on that day 200 picked men of Cavan—O'Reillys, MacBradys, MacCabes, MacGowans, Fitzpatricks, and Fitzsimons.

"There's sure to be knotty work presently," continued he, addressing Edmund; "this sight reminds me of my Flanders life twenty years. There's good mettle yonder, but I warrrnt me, here's as good."

And his eye glanced proudly along the steady line of his East Breffnians.

"I should think as much," recantly replied Edmund, who was intently viewing the martial array of the ememy.

"Ha, I've met some of our friends yonder ere this," said the Cavan general; "see—that dark regiment of foot yonder in Sir James Montgomery's; my fellows have had a bout or two with them before Charlemont. That next, with the buff coats and steel morions, is Lord Conway's regiment of Englishmen, who murdered the helpless women and children fonr years ago in Newry. Those others yonder are the regimeuts of Lords Claneboy and Ardes, with whom you yourself have often crossed swords."

"Yes—on Finea bridge, for instance," replied Edmund, as the memory of the Slasher's heroic death recurred to him.

"Ay, where poor Maelmora fell. And yonder is the artillery—under the command, I hear, of Lord Blaney. But look—as I live, the Covenanters' columns are too close for manœuvring. Heaven turn their blunder to our profit!"

In full array of battle the army of Monroe now extended its ranks on the rising ground opposite to the Irish. Six thousand infantry aad 800 cavalry stood to their arms, steeled to the conflict by the predestinarian tenets of their faith, and burning for the fray. "All our army," said Monroe afterwards in his dispatch to parliament, "did earnestly covet fighting, which it was impossible for me to gainstand without reproach of cowardice, and never did I see a greater confidence than was among us." They were drawn up in two lines, the front one consisting of five and the second of four columns—much too close for manœuvring, as O'Reilly remarked—and there was no reserve. And so in grim and ominous silence the vast host stood for a few moments confronting the Irish army, their bristling groves of pikes and muskets glancing in the sunshine, and their many parti-colored banners proudly displayed, the red Lion and St. Andrew's Cross of Scotland waving side by side with the flag of the English parliament.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

Something Interpting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Three Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to all of the best farming sections in the West and Northwest, will be run on Aug. 22, Sept. 12 and Oct. 10. Return tickets good for twenty days. Low rates. Apply for further information to nearest ticket agent, or address George H. Heafford, G.P.A., Chicago.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

The farmers of Bond county, Ills., have been victimized by two lightning rod sharks of Chicago. One old farmer signed a slip for $37, which turned up in the shape of a note for $400.

H. G. Evans, the son-in-law of General Weaver, the Populist candidate for the presidency last year, has been appointed a chief of division in the office of the second auditor of the treasury.

An unknown yacht was capsized by a squall off Fawn Bar buoy, east of Deer Island, Mass., and John W. Johnson, Albert T. Scott and Joseph Murphy were drowned.

The developments in the Indiana oil field made in the last two weeks indicate that the production in Jay county alone will soon reach 30,000 barrels a day.

Three tramps stealing a ride were caught in a train wreck near Arapahoe, Neb., and severely injured.

Secretary Carlisle, accompanied by his family, has returned to Washington after an absence of three weeks at the World's fair. The secretary is much pleased with the exposition.

Elihu Nickolson, aged 86, was found hanging by a rope made of bark to a lamp shelf in a schoolhouse twelve miles south of Marion, Ind.

Monroe Bonebrake was run over at Bristol, Kan., by a freight train. Both legs were cut off, causing death.

A stranger about 55 years old, who gave his name as Wilson, was found dying under a tree three miles west of Monroe, Mich.

Three negro children perished in a cabin at Charleston, Mo. The old woman occupant was reputed to be a voodoo and the fire is charged to superstition.

The postoffice at Washington, Ia., was robbed of $75 in money and $300 in stamps.

John O'Toole was beaten and robbed in Shelbyville, Ind., of $340 in money and a gold watch.

George Brooks, a farmer of Livingston county, Ills., was found dead in his cornfield. Death is thought to have resulted from heart disease.

During a severe storm in Schley county, Ga., the house of A. L. Beckwith was struck by lightning in five different places and at five different times.

Thomas A. Edison comes of a long lived stock. His father is still alive at Port Huron, Mich., at the age of 90. His grandfather was 103 years old and two of his aunts lived to be 93 and 99 respectively.

How Snakes Are Handled.

Standing in front of a great glass cage full of snakes, I said to Mr. Hagenbeck: "Now, how do you manage to get hold of these reptiles? They must be very dangerous."

"Ah!" he replied with a thoughtful look, "I'll tell you later on one or two stories of dreadful adventures that I myself have had with snakes. In the meantime this is the way they are caught in India:

"In the dry season the jungle is set on fire. As the snakes run out in all directions they are caught by the natives with long sticks having a hoop at the end, to which is attached a big bag, a sort of exaggerated butterfly net. After that the reptiles are packed in sacks made of matting, which are fastened to long bamboos and carried to Calcutta on the shoulders of the natives.

"When Calcutta is reached, they are packed in big boxes, from 12 to 16 in a box—that is, when they are only 8 or 10 feet long; big snakes, from 14 to 16 feet in length, are only packed from two to three in a box. They are then sent direct to Europe, without food or water on the journey, for they require neither. The principal thing is to keep them warm. Cold gives them mouth disease, which is certain death.

"I remember once," continued Mr. Hagenbeck, "that I had 162 snakes reach London in perfect condition; a violent snowstorm then came on, and when the boxes were opened in Hamburg every snake was dead."—McClure's Magazine.

Living In the Cities.

The increase of cities is a certain tendency of our age and is not confined to England, where frantic manufacturing ambition and feudal institutions in the country stimulate that tendency to the utmost. But there is a tendency no less certain at work—the improvement of cities. The present generation has seen an enormous advance toward the true municipalization of great towns. Municipal patriotism, art, beauty, health, relaxation, are at least ideals and possibilities.

There are even now great towns which are well on the road to become worthy abodes of civilised men. Edinburgh, Nottingham, Halifax, Huddersfield, Oxford, are putting their house in order and may one day be fit to be called the home of cultured citizens. Mr. William Morris is wrong in dreaming that we are all going to live in the country. Half of us, I trust, will. But the other half will live in reasonable, moderate, healthy, fair and highly organized towns.

Our task is to make our towns wholesome, beautiful, pleasant and convenient. It is a tremendous task, but it is not beyond the resources of civilization in the twentieth century.—Frederick Harrison in Fortnightly Review.

He Felt Embarrassed.

A Detroiter who was in Cincinnati last week was at one of the railroad depots one afternoon and met a man whom he used to know in Albany 15 years ago. After handshaking and talking for a few minutes the Albany man remarked:

"Come and be introduced to my wife. That's she over there."

"What! Is that—that lady your wife?" stammered the Detroiter.

"Why, certainly—come along."

"But—but"——

"Why, man, what ails you? Don't you want to meet my wife?"

"Yes, of course. That is—please excuse me. I'd rather not meet her—not today."

"Say!" said the other as he stood back and looked the Detroiter over for a minute, "my wife was a divorced woman when I married her."

"Was—was she?"

"And I'll bet $100 you were her first husband! Yes, I'm sure of it! Out with it, old boy!"

"Well, I was."

"And naturally enough you felt a bit embarrassed and don't care to be introduced. I see how it is and won't urge you. Let's go outdoors and smoke."—Detroit Free Press.

The Power of Beecher's Tongue.

What would Henry Ward Beecher have been without his tongue? Royal was he, from the superb eminence of his domelike head to the very heel that pressed the ground. His nature was surcharged with goodness, with kindness, with benevolence, and it sought an outlet. From his inspired tongue rolled magnificent sentences for the comfort and the healing of a distressed nation, an outraged people. Thought of tenderness toward people in bereavement, in trouble and in worry found express there. Scorn lightning flashed aeross his tongue when with indignation he scourged the scoundrels from the temple of justice and brought national offenders to the bar of an inflamed and distorted people. See him standing in the presence of 10,000 yelling, shouting, screaming Britons, hundreds of them paid to interrupt and destroy his speech. How like oil upon the troubled waters did his good natured, well timed words calm the turbulence and win the malice, so that at the end hisses and catcalls were transformed into cheers of encouragement and congratulation.—Howard in New York Recorder.

Strange Fondness For a Cook.

An Italian prince who had a Sicilian cook was once traveling to his provincial estates, taking with him his cook, together with his entire kitchen force, without which, so fond was he of the delicacies they were wont to prepare, he rarely if ever traveled. At a point where the narrow path along the precipice turned the angle of a projecting rock the prince, at the head of his long cavalcade, heard a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with horror he pulled up, and looking back exclaimed: "The cook! The cook! Oh, do not tell me it is the cook!" "No, your excellency," cried a voice from the rear, "it is Don Prosdocemo." The prince heaved a sigh of intense relief, then said: "Ah, only the chaplain! Thank goodness for that times."

Advised For His Good.

They are neighbors on Second avenue, and as they walked down town the other morning one of them observed:

"My wife is crazy to have me buy a new milk cow. What do you think of the idea?"

"Magnificent! You couldn't invest $70 in a way to bring you better returns."

"Much bother and expense?"

"Hardly any. Your milk won't cost you over a cent a quart, and it will be pure milk too. If I had a barn, I'd keep two cows."

"Two or three of my friends have rather discouraged me."

"Don't listen to 'em. Rich cream for strawberries and coffee—pure, sweet milk for the children and kitchen! I've often wondered that you didn't keep a cow. No care, no trouble, no expense. I'll guarantee you'll never regret it. In fact, it is really your duty toward your children."

"Yes, I suppose so. I guess I'll go over to the hay market and buy one and send her up.

Ten minutes later the man who advised was telephoning to a carpenter shop:

"Say, you! One of your men was up at the house yesterday measuring doors and windows for fly screens. I told him to go ahead at $42, but I want to countermand the order. Sold out? Oh, no! My neighbor's going to keep a cow, and that lets eight or ten of us out on the fly question!"—Detroit Free Press.

How to Use Charcoal In Place of Ice.

For keeping large pieces of meat and poultry here is a simple device: Have a large barrel or hogshead half filled with charcoal. Put meat hooks in a strip of joist and place across the top of the barrel. Have a netting to spread over this. This barrel may be kept in a cool place and pieces of meat be hung on the hooks. The charcoal will keep the atmosphere dry and sweet, and the netting will be a protection against insects. Should there be danger from rats or mice use wire netting.

Fresh fish may be rubbed with salt, wrapped in paper and buried in a bed of charcoal. Of course the charcoal in boxes and barrels should be changed at least once a month. It can be used for lighting fires or for broiling meats or fish. If, however, it it difficult to get a good supply of charcoal, the old can be purified by putting it into the stove with a few lighted chips and allowing it to burn until redhot. At this stage open all the windows to let the gas pass off; then close the drafts of the stove, remove the covers and leave the room. When the charcoal becomes cold, it will be ready for use again.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Strange Experience of a Letter.

A lady in London wished to communicate with a friend in America, whose address she did not know. In order to obtain the needed information she wrote to another friend, who also lived in the new world. The letter was duly dispatched, but the ship which carried it was wrecked, and the mails went to the sea bottom.

They were eventually recovered, however, and the letter in question, torn and discolored, found its way back to the sender. While subjecting it to a minute examination, the lady was surprised to find part of another letter adhering to it, upon which epistle was the full address of the friend with whom she wished to correspond. In this strange way, without having reached its destination, her letter had brought to her the answer desired.—London Tit-Bits.

A Sudden End of a Whist Game.

In the spring of 1789 a "fattish" lady—the epithet is not mine—was playing at cards at an assembly. Her partner screamed out: "Dear me, madam, what are you doing! What can you be dreaming about? You have the ace in your hand, and you suffer the adversary's king to pass." A glance at the lady soon showed that any explanation of her misconduct was impossible. She had been seized with a stroke of "apoplexy, which put an end to both her and the rubber."—Temple Bar.

Water a Necessity In Kentucky.

Our guests will observe that, notwithstanding slanders to the contrary, there is an abundance of water in Kentucky. Mint doesn't flourish without plenty of water.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE,

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. By this means, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system. For every blood-taint and disorder, and for every disease that comes from an inactive liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so sure and effective that it can be *guaranteed*.

If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

These diseases are many. They're different in form, but they're like in treatment. Rouse up the torpid liver into healthful action, thoroughly purify and enrich the blood, and there's a positive cure. The "Discovery" does this, as nothing else can. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, are completely cured by it.

CONSUMPTION

SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.

Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WILSON BILL PASSED.

SILVER PURCHASE CLAUSE OF THE SHERMAN ACT REPEALED.

All the Amendments of the Silver Men to the Bill Rejected by the House—The Senate Declares That Mantle and Allen Are Not Entitled to Seats.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Under the impression that the order under which the house has been operating the past two weeks, so far as the hour of meeting was concerned, the public galleries of the hall of the house of representatives were filled before 10 o'clock and many members were in their seats on the floor at that hour. When the speaker commanded order at 12 nearly every seat in the hall was filled, an unmistakable evidence of the general and individual interest in the matter in hand. Chaplain Haddaway prayed briefly for an especial gift of Wisdom and judgment to rightly settle the great question before the house. After the reading of the journal Weaver of New York appeared at the bar of the house on the arm of his colleague, General Tracy, and was sworn in by the speaker. The roll call was called upon the amendment to the Wilson bill providing for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. It resulted—yeas 123, nays 220. The 17 to 1 amendment was defeated—yeas 100, nays 240. The 18 to 1 free coinage amendment was rejected—yeas 102, nays 239. The 19 to 1 and 20 to 1 amendments were likewise rejected.

The Wilson repeal bill was passed—240 to 110. The amendment to re-enact the Bland-Allison act was defeated—yeas 136, nays 213. The house then adjourned.

The Lee Mantle Case.

In the senate the Lee Mantle case was taken up. The first vote was on laying on the table the motion to reconsider the vote of last week declaring Mantle not entitled to the seat. The motion to lay on the table was agreed to—yeas, 31; nays, 28. This finally defeats Mantle. The parliamentary rule required the final vote in the Lee Mantle case to be taken on the original resolution as amended; and it was agreed to—yeas, 32; nays, 29. The vote on the right of J. B. Allen of Washington under the like circumstances was precisely the same—32 to 29. The result of the vote is that those senators are declared not entitled to their seats.

The house bill to repeal the Sherman act was reported to the senate at 3:50 and was referred to the finance committee, Voorhees stating that there would be a meeting of that committee soon and that there would be prompt action on the bill, in connection with the measure already reported from the finance committee.

ONLY THREE ESCAPED.

Loss of Two Vessels and Seventeen People Drowned.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 28.—Assistant Engineer Albert Smith of the Reading Railroad company's steam collier Panther, which with the barge Laykens Valley, was lost off the Long Island coast, has arrived here. Of the twenty persons on the two vessels only three were saved, as follows: Assistant Engineer Albert Smith, Fireman Edwin Cummings and Seaman Victor Egland, all of Philadelphia and all employed on the Panther. Mr. Smith is not positive as to the name of the latter. Following is a list of the dead: Steamer Panther—Captain George W. Pierson, Mate John B. Newlove, Second Mate Otto M. Johnson, Engineer Henry C. Moore, Steward William Daily. Firemen Elvey Jeffreys and Frank Wilhalie, Mess Boy Frank Field, Ordinary Karl Erickson, William Plotomey, coal passer; Seamen Arvid Johansen, Andrew Johnson, and Frederick Larssen.

All reside in Philadelphia except Field and Larssen, whose addresses are unknown. Those lost on the Laykens Valley are Captain Alfred Sylvester, Somerville, Mass.; Hiram Blodgett, cook, North Brooksville, Me., and Peter Rideout, deckhand, of Newfoundland.

YOUNG GIRL FOULLY MURDERED.

Supposedly by a Man She Had Refused to Marry.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Aug. 28.—An atrocious murder has been committed four miles northeast of Green Mountain. Anna Weise, 21 years old, daughter of Henry Weise, was visiting a neighbor, and started home. In a few minutes the neighbors heard a scream and started down the road, when they found Miss Weise lying dead by the wayside with her throat cut from ear to ear, ten stabs over her breast and her skull crushed.

Sheriff Pence and assistants have left Marshalltown in search of the murderer. The sheriff was led to believe that the murderer is a young man named Thomson who lived at Gladbrook who had sought to marry the girl, but had been refused. The sheriff has so far been unable to find him.

Conflagration at South Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—The most destructive fire that has ever visited South Chicago broke out there in the afternoon at 4:45. The fire started in a frame barn in the middle of the block between Superior and Buffalo avenues. A high wind from the west was blowing at the time. The flames spread rapidly, and before they were got under control twenty acres of dwellings had been consumed and 1,500 people rendered homeless. The damage to property has not yet been ascertained, but it is certain that it will be in the neighborhood of $1,000,000.

Disappearance of a Promoter.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 28.—Albert E. Smith, promoter of three railroads that have not passed the paper stage, disappeared from his gaudy office in the Wainwright building a week ago and creditors have been anxious about him. It is learned that the missing man is in Hillsdale, Mich. His office furniture has been attached for rent, and it is said that he owes his clerk $500 and his typewriter girl $150. Railroad men say they have never heard of Smith's roads, and some are decided in their opinions that the likes are fakes.

Situation on the "Strip" Border.

GUTHRIE, O., Aug. 28.—Hundred of people are arriving every day to await the opening of the Cherokee strip. People arriving now are well fixed financially, but those who have been waiting on the line since spring are suffering now and will starve if they do secure a claim. A large majority of the people arriving are laboring under the belief that they will get the land free and are disappointed when they learn that they must pay for it and live on it five years.

JAVANESE VILLAGE CLOSED.

Percentages Too High—Insulted by President Higinbotham.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—The Java village on Midway plaisance is closed, and, according to a statement of G. L. De Bruyn, it will not be reopened. The cause is given as "extortionate percentages charged by the World's Columbian exposition." A large number of packing cases are piled up on the street in front of the famous resort and it is the intention of the management

IN THE JAVANESE VILLAGE.

to pack up at once and proceed to the Antwerp exposition, which opens next year. The difficulty dates back to the time when the Javanese arrived here. The arrangement to bring the exhibit to Chicago was made by Leigh S. Lynch, the accredited commissioner to the Malay archipelago. Lynch and others represented what was known as the Oceanic Trading company. G. L. De Bruyn and W. R. Garrison are stockholders and represented the other stockholders in Java.

Mr. DeBruyn said: "We were deceived by World's fair Commissioner Lynch. We found him not trustworthy and when our village was ready we flatly objected to open until our contract with Lynch and the Ocean Trading company was dissolved. The matter was placed in the hands of President Higinbotham, who investigated our grievances and evidently found that we were in the right, for he dissolved the contract and made a new contract with the Java-Chicago Exposition syndicate, which owns the village, the president of which is Mr. Kirkhoven, of the Senagar coffee estate. Our agreement was that we were to pay 50 per cent. of the gross receipts of the theater and 10 per cent. of the receipts of the merchandise sold. We endeavored to get our percentage reduced, but President Higinbotham flatly refused to grant the favor.

"We called on him Saturday and in endeavoring to effect the reduction tried to explain that we were losing a big lot of money and that we had come a long way to make an exhibit, but it did no good. He grew insulting and said that he did not invite us to come here. He told us that we could not read or write the English language and that he did not want any more insulting letters from us. He denied that Lynch was an official of the exposition and ended by telling us that he did not want to see us any more. This is the treatment we received from the president of the exposition. We have closed and that is an end to it."

A number of the natives will probably return to Java until the time arrives to depart for Antwerp.

FIFTEEN WERE KILLED.

Frightful Result of an Accident on the Long Island.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., Aug. 28.—Details of the awful wreck at Berlin on the Long Island railroad show that fifteen persons were killed outright and that eighteen others were injured, many of them so badly that their recovery is in doubt. After the accident happened it was over an hour before any news reached any outside point. It came by messenger, who walked into Long Island City. The railroad company immediately dispatched relief trains with all the physicians in the city. They found an appalling state of affairs. The Manhattan Beach train had been standing in the block to allow another train ahead to get a safe distance. The Rockaway Beach train came dashing along behind, ran into the same block, and crashed into the rear end of the Manhattan Beach train. Both were crowded with excursionists and both were the last trains from their respective resorts.

The List of Victims.

The following is a corrected list of the dead: Charles E. B. Buck, editor of Spirit of the Times; Oscar Dietzel, died at St. John's hospital; Mrs. Maggie Dietzel, wife, 29 years, died at the morgue; Mrs. Bertha Weinstein; Thomas Finn, brakemen; Mortimer Ditmar, John C. Dyckhoff, Mrs. John C. Dyckhoff, Mrs. Theodore Graeven, Alexander Grillette, James T. Hyland, Richard Newman, Max Stein, Joseph M. Thelen, Samuel Weinstein.

The injured are: John Hahn, internal injuries; James Barron, scalds and internal injuries; Theodore Graeven, terribly hurt, condition critical; Eleanor F. Graeven, his daughter, scalds and internal injuries; Miss Clara Haskell, broken ankle; Horace G. Kimball; Aaron Weinstein, concussion of brain, may die; Morris Flosheim, leg broken; James B. Thompson, head hurt; August Jakobsson, horribly hurt, will probably die; Eugene Weiss, scalded; William Lynch, badly hurt; Frank Larkin, New York, spine shock; James J. Brady, internal injuries; William Livingston, George Hannet, James Coughlin.

Bomb Thrower Fatally Hurt.

ROME, Aug. 28.—This city was startled by a bomb explosion and the would-be thrower will pay the penalty of his own life for his folly. The bomb was thrown outside the Altiern palace at midnight. The court of appeals is held in the Altiern palace. The pope's guard also has its club in the building. When the guard recovered from the alarm caused by the explosion they rushed out and found the prostrate form of a man writhing and groaning on the pavement. Fragments of the bomb were scattered about. The man was identified as Giuseppe Ricinni, a young journalist. He is terribly injured and can not live. His motive can not be conjectured.

Chief Arthur's Damage Case Settled.

TOLEDO, Aug. 28.—The famous personal damage suit against P. M. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, for $300,000, commenced last March immediately after the strike of the engineers on the Ann Arbor railroad, has been settled out of court. What the exact terms and conditions of the settlement are the public will probably never know. The suit has simply been withdrawn.

Killed in a Ten Cent Quarrel.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 28.—At Crawfordsville, Ky., Ike Williams, a negro, shot and killed Henry Ward, another negro, during a quarrel over 10 cents lost in a crap game. Williams escaped.

WORLD'S FAIR CONGRESSES.

A Variety of Them Now in Progress—Labor and Social Science.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—If there is any organization in the United States that believes it represents anything that will improve the condition of mankind in any way, and that organization hasn't or is not to be heard at the Art Institute before the end of October, it wants to say so. This week the walls of the artistic building will resound to the claims of Labor, the advocacy of Single Tax, the value of Zoology, the work of Anthropology, the voice of Social Science, and Jewish Theology.

Among those in attendance on the first five these are Prof. Gray, Bishop Fallows, Profs. Forbes and Putnam, Dr. Hirsch, Kate Field; Victor Delahaye, member of the superior council of labor of France; Herbert Burrows, British social democracy; J. T. Ripley, single taxer, and a large number of other gentlemen with a long list of ladies. The speeches were all preliminary, complimentary and congratulatory.

The British Social Democracy sent an address which was read by Mr. Burrows, which was a felicitation that the end of the century saw so many people who were awakened to the fact that labor had not heretofore received its just proportion of what it produced. After the general meeting each department got together and papers were read on the various subjects to be discussed. Dr. McGlynn and Samuel Gompers talked of the "Destiny of Labor" and "What Does Labor Want?" respectively.

The Jewish congress discussed the Talmud, the contributions of the Jews to science, organization of Judaism and other related subjects.

Live Stock Premiums.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—Lovers of live stock that is blue-blooded thronged the pavilion at the fair grounds all day. Among the awards of first premiums made were the following: Jersey bulls—Lattimer F. Miller, Abington, Ill. Arab horses—Jacob Keyl, Milwaukee; M. W. Dunham, Wayne, Ill. Clydesdales—Robert Halloway, Alexis, Ill.

Paid admissions to the fair yesterday were 129,488.

TROUBLE ABOUT "SOONERS"

There Will Surely Be at the Strip Opening—Not Enough Troops.

KANSAS CITY, Kan., Aug. 28.—More trouble is certain to occur when the Strip is opened than when Oklahoma was opened. The country is full of "sooners," and the feeling against them is very strong. If any of them come out to register they will be closely watched and prevented from re-entering if possible. There is said to be a "sooner" scheme on foot, however, by which parties outside of the Strip will get certificates for sooners now in, and take them in to them. The "sooners" are mainly located along Turkey creek and other streams running into the Arkansas river and along the borders of the Ponca and Otoe reservations. The troops are inadequate to properly patrol the Strip, as only one troop of cavalry, containing sixty men, is here to handle the whole Strip.

Have Earned the Right to Hang.

DANVILLE, Ill., Aug. 29.—The four murderers of Henry Helmick have been arrested, and are Charles Harris, a fresco painter, 17 years old; Edas McJunkin, coal miner, 18 years; Harve Pate, laborer, 21 years, and Frank Starr, coal miner, 20 years. They are all residents of Danville. Pate at one time was a hand on Helmick's farm, and knew that Helmick carried large sums of money on his person. He induced the other three to walk sixteen miles into the country for the express purpose of robbing Helmick. Harris has confessed.

Wanton Deviltry in Kentucky.

MIDDLESBOROUGH, Ky., Aug. 29.—As the passenger train on the Middlesborough Belt railroad was nearing the half-way house three men sprang from the bushes and fired into the coaches. Mrs. Mary Bowling was shot through the left side and John Brownston received a bullet in the thigh. The engineer threw open the throttle and was soon out of range. A posse is organizing to scour the mountains for the desperadoes. If caught they will be swung to the nearest limb.

Striking Miners Accept Terms.

PITTSBURG, Kas., Aug. 29.—At a meeting of miners held at Kirkwood it was unanimously agreed to accept the offer of 50 and 55 cents per ton, summer and winter, made by the Weir Coal company. Superintendent Kirkwood gave it out that a stockade would be built and negroes put to work. This brought the strikers to terms and a meeting was called with the above result.

As Indicated by the Banks.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Comptroller Eckels says: "During the month of July seventy-five national banks suspended. During the first week in August there were 13, during the second week 7, the third week 8, and during the present week but 3. During the month of July nine banks resumed. During the month of August thus far seventeen have resumed."

Base Ball Records.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—Scores by League clubs on the ball field were: At Baltimore—Cincinnati 3, Baltimore 2; at Washington—St. Louis 3, Washington 6; at Brooklyn—Chicago 1, Brooklyn 3; at Philadelphia—Louisville 3, Philadelphia 14; at New York—Pittsburg 3, New York 2; at Boston—Cleveland 3, Boston 4.

Burglars entered the office of the Standard Oil works at Mattoon, Ills., blew the safe open and secured a large amount of money.

William Coupe & Co., tanners, North Attleboro, Mass., assigned. Liabilities $70,000; assets, $200,000.

Mrs. J. D. Black of Amsterdam, N. Y., who has been visiting at Colorado Springs, started to climb Pike's Peak, was taken ill and died.

H. L. Behn, a merchant of Reedsburg, Wis., has been placed in jail at Baraboo, charged with having beaten Miss Emma Behn.

An American half-dollar of the issue of 1796 is worth six times its original value to the collectors.

D. M. Craig, a contractor for lumbermen, was robbed of $11,000 near Austin, Pa.

Marion D. Boutell of Bay City, second engineer of the tug Annie Moiles, slipped into the crank pit in the hold and had his leg cut off. He died very soon afterward.

Samuel Cornwaith, a deaf tailor, was run down by a Clover Leaf switch engine at Frankfort, Ind., and horribly mangled.

The Massachusetts state Democratic convention will be held in Boston on Sept. 27.

CROP OF SCANDALS.

Seems to Be One Product of the World's Fair.

MEDALS FOR THOSE WHO CAN PAY

Jurors Are Apparently Cheaper Than They Were Last Week—An Offer to a Chicago Man That Was "Dead Low," but Which Was Not Accepted—Allegations Made in Affidavits—Mercer and Beeson Ask Investigation and Get One.

WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—The knowledge that another award had been offered to an exhibitor at the exposition for a stipulated sum was made known in the national commission by John Boyd Thacher, chairman of the executive committee on awards. Thacher appeared in the commission and stated that he had come over with the intention of requesting an executive session of the commission, but as he entered the hall he had changed his mind and determined to let the public help him in the matter he was about to bring before the commission. He then stated that he had heard rumors of irregularities in the work of judges in some departments for some time, but they had been so indefinite that he could not trace them to any source. He had, however, managed to trace and report upon the last case, which reached him on Saturday night. He then sent a package up to the clerk's desk for the information of the commission.

A Juror for Revenue Only.

It contained first, a letter from Thacher to the president of the commission which is as follows: "I hereby report that the executive committee on awards has this day discharged Mr. H. F. Higbee, a judge in the department of manufactures, for conduct unworthy an honorable man. The accompanying affidavits explain the method of procedure adopted, by him which is of such a nature as to justify this committee in the action it has taken. The committee respectfully requests advice and instruction as to further dealing with this case." The affidavit recites that about Aug. 14 a man called at the exhibit of the Cary Safe company limited, of Chicago, and after stating that he was a judge—one of the jurors of awards—asked Mr. Cary what the first prize would be worth to his company.

Had a Cinch on the Award.

Being told that it would be worth a good deal the visitor said, with a caution that what he said was to be regarded as confidential: "If it is worth anything to you to have the first prize, let me tell you something. We have picked out three or four big firms here to which we are willing to give the first prize in their classes. We can fix it with the jury, or enough of them to make it all right, and a little money will handle them." Cary concluded to see the thing through and asked how much it would cost. He was told that $2,100 would be enough. He told his visitor that his firm would not negotiate on that basis at all, and was asked how much the firm would give.

Offered to Do It for $1,500.

Finally the juror offered to do the trick for $1,500, and Cary said he wanted ten days to think it over. Cary went out of the city and after he got back the juror called again and was told that he could not get a cent. Higbee was not discouraged, but said that he would do all he could for the company, and supposed that if the award was secured Carry would do something for him, to which remark no reply was made. The other affidavit simply corroborated Cary's statement. Considerable discussion resulted, and it was stated that only one side had been heard and it would be unfair to condemn a man without hearing his defense.

Another Phase of the Matter.

Commissioner Ryan, of North Dakota, stated that several exhibitors who were "not in it" at this fair had determined to secure a medal in some manner and they would persecute a judge in any way possible when they learned that they had not commended their exhibits. Mr. Thacher was finally induced by the commissioners, aided by the venerable Isabella Beecher Hooker who sat near the New Yorker, to modify his report to the commission, and he did so by amending it to read: "Suspended from duty pending investigation." The matter was then referred to the committee on awards for investigation.

NOW COME MERCER AND BEESON.

Both Gentlemen Deny the Allegation and Defy the "Alligator."

The attempted award selling matter which came to light Saturday was also up before the commission. Commissioner Mercer, of Wyoming, who is alleged to have been connected with the affair, arose to a point of personal privilege when the clerk had finished calling the roll and denied the charges in toto. He said he had never met the woman in the case until a few minutes before she was arrested; he had never been in the Russian exhibit in Agricultural building; he knew very few of the exhibitors in that building. He demanded the appointment of a full committee to make a full investigation of the matter. As Mr. Mercer finished speaking Commissioner Beeson, of Oklahoma, who vouched, it is said, to the exhibitor for Mrs. Harmon, the woman who offered to secure the award for a consideration, came in.

He was accorded the floor at once and said: "I see by the papers that my name has been coupled with a very unpleasant matter. There is no truth in the matter, and I ask the appointment of a committee to investigate, and I make a motion to that effect." The motion was seconded and was about to be put when Judge Massey, of Delaware, objected on the ground that a resolution looking to such a serious charge should be more specific. St. Clair then introduced a formal resolution, which prevailed, for the appointment of a committee with proper powers, and it was adopted.

A letter was read from C. S. Hamlin, acting secretary of the treasury, who called the attention of the commission to the fact that the available balance on hand for the use of the commission is about $90,000 and the treasury department is advised that there are at the present time still outstanding a large number of accounts unpaid or in progress of settlement which are properly chargeable to this balance, and that there was barely enough money to get through with. The acting secretary closes by advising the commission that no further indebtedness should be incurred as no deficiency will be countenanced beyond the amount appropriated by congress for the World's Columbian commission.

ACQUITTED OF MURDER.

Actor Curtis, "Sam'l of Posen," Is Now a Free Man.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.—The third trial of M. B. Curtis, the actor, charged with the murder of Police Officer Grant, ended in the acquittal of the defendant.

M. B. CURTIS.

District Attorney Barnes concluded his argument and urged the jury to find the defendant guilty of murder, though he did not dwell on the first degree. He said the chain of circumstantial evidence was complete and also that the direct evidence showed only two men present on the night of the murder. One was Grant, now in his grave, the other the defendant at the bar.

The judge instructed that the jury might find the defendant guilty of murder in either degree or of manslaughter. The jury went out before noon and brought in a verdict by 2:30 of not guilty. The first ballot stood nine for acquittal and three for conviction. Second ballot eleven to one, and the third ballot for acquittal. Mrs. Curtis was very cool, but Curtis was nervous when the jury came in. The defendant at once shook their hands. It was believed that the jury would hang and the verdict was somewhat of a surprise.

RIOTING AT BUFFALO.

Hungry Poles Resort to Robbery to Supply Their Wants.

BUFFALO, Aug. 24.—Serious trouble developed at the Broadway market, East Buffalo, due to the bold robbery of provision stands by the unemployed Poles. A large number of people in the Polish district are out of work, and having exhausted the resources of the poormaster, have resorted to robbery to supply their wants. Owners of the stalls which were raided by the hungry mob withstood the attempt to loot them of their property as best they could, finally using violence and a riot resulted. The assaulting parties of Poles, numbering forty or fifty at first, soon increased to two or three hundred, far outnumbering the marketmen and the police on duty there. A call for aid was made upon police headquarters and the reserves were hurried in patrol wagons to the scene. They speedily restored order and arrested ten of the ringleaders.

WANTED TO LYNCH A BRUTE.

But the Sheriff Had Taken the Subject to a Place of Safety.

OLNEY, Ills., Aug. 28.—At twilight the streets of Olney began to fill with men, many of them strangers, and all seemed animated by a single purpose. They unhesitatingly announced that they were after the life of Eckenrode, the fiend who assaulted an 11-year-old girl. There was some order to their movements that boded ill for the fiend. The sheriff, however, was unconcerned and announced that his prisoner was safe from harm. This was verified by a visit to the jail. The crowd had by this time become a mob and their words of disappointment were mingled with threats of vengeance. The little victim of the villain's lust is in a critical condition and there is small chance for her recovery.

Didn't Know It Was Loaded.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Aug. 28.—Maggie Sullivan, 15 years old, was shot and killed by Edward Whelan, 19 years old. Maggie and three other girls were returning from the suburbs when they passed Whelan sitting on a bluff. Whelan had a rifle which he believed empty. Following them up the railroad he snapped the trigger three times to scare them. On the fourth attempt the rifle was discharged. The ball entered Maggie's head back of the ear and passed through the brain. She fell without uttering a word. Whelan carried her into a cabin where she died within an hour. He then surrendered himself to the sheriff.

Peculiar Cattle Disease.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Aug. 28.—A peculiar contagious disease affecting the eyes has broken out among several large herds of cattle near this city. It has been diagnosed as keratitis, which has for some years prevailed among stock in certain places in the far west. It came here with cattle from western Missouri. There are already fifty cases here. Once in a drove the disease extends to all. The eyes become inflamed, pus exudes in great quantities, and in extreme cases the eyeballs burst and the animal becomes totally blind. The disease is already severely felt in the cattle trade.

Clubbed a Maniac to Death.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 28.—A dispatch to The Enquirer from Lebanon, describes a terrible affray in the Warren county infirmary at that place. Andrew Schultz, a maniac, attacked Superintendent Bates and wife, dangerously stabbing the former with a butcher knife and beating the woman into insensibility. Her injuries are also serious. Schultz escaped and when chased by the marshal attempted to kill the latter with his knife upon which the officer used his club with such effect that Schultz died at 9:30 in the evening. Schultz had a bad record for brutal treatment of his wife.

Died of Hydrophobia.

MALDEN, Mass., Aug. 28.—Gertrude Connelly, the 8-year-old daughter of P. J. Connelly, died at the Malden hospital of hydrophobia after suffering terribly from spasms. Six weeks ago while walking on Pearl street she was bitten about the face and neck by large black dog, which at the time was not thought to be rabid. The dog was shot and the child's wounds were cauterized. She went into her father's store far a drink of water and when she attempted to drink she went into a spasm and continued in that state until she died. As far as known no one else was bitten by the mad dog.

Drowned Off Asbury Park.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 24.—The fishing schooner Mary F. Kelly of New York was wrecked here. Four of the crew of eleven men were drowned. The others were rescued by life-saving folks and a volunteer crew of hotel guests. The drowned men were the captain, the mate, the cook and a fisherman.

Promising Crop of Oysters.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Aug. 28.—Oyster men have just completed the examination of the beds in this vicinity and find a very promising crop—larger than usual. It was thought that the entire crop was a loss.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Rolled Down for the Busy Reader.

Mrs. Louis Richardson threw a hatchet at her husband during a quarrel at Shelbyville, Ind. Richardson dodged and it struck a 10-year-old son, who will die.

A store at Fort Dodge, Ia., two at Lehigh and one at Gowrie were entered by burglars. The residence of Mr. Keefer, in Fort Dodge, was also attacked. Property valued altogether at a few hundred dollars was taken.

The Boon County, Indiana, fair opened with flattering prospects. The racing purses are double what they have been hitherto.

The 3-year-old child of J. J. Stanley of Mexico, Mo., died after drinking nearly a pint of gasoline.

John Albert, a United States army deserter, escaped by jumping through the window of a west-bound Missouri Pacific train while it was running through St. Louis, Mo.

W. C. and Maurice O. Stevens escaped from jail at Beloit, Kan., Aug. 10. They were captured at the home of James Griffith. W. C. Stevens was shot and injured by the sheriff before he would surrender.

Two sons of John Manli, aged 3 and 2 years, of Osceola, Mich., were burned to death by the explosion of a lamp.

* * *

A site has been selected at Hammond, Ind., by the Alexian Brothers of Chicago for the erection of a branch to their hospital. The structure will be of stone and steel and will cost $75,000.

Governor Altgeld has pardoned Joseph Kota of LaSalle county, Ills. He was sentenced to the penitentiary in 1889 for forty years for murder, and is dying of consumption.

The racehorse, Dr. R., 2:15¼, purchased some time ago from Indiana parties, has been seized by the customs officials at Sarnia, Ont., on the charge of under valuation.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bookman of Freeport, Ills., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, at which were the children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren to the number of seventy.

Governor Altgeld has appointed John W. Gray state grain inspector at Joliet, vice Benjamin F. King.

William A. Hyde, a citizen of Grand Rapids, Mich., since 1848, was accidentally killed in a machine shop.

* * *

The proposition to use the swamp land indemnity fund and surplus county fund to the amount of $40,000 for a new court house carried at a special election in Delaware county, Ia.

William P. Wentworth, bookkeeper of the Victoria hotel, New York, was arrested on the charge of embezzling $8,500.

Ernest Rissi quarreled with his father-in-law, Lorenzo Reynolds, at Omaha and was fatally stabbed.

Ed Rider, a Sherwood, Md., farmer was flim flamed out of $3,000 by a stranger and his pal.

Mrs. Caroline Hall of Chicago Lake, Minn., was taken to St. Paul charged with poisoning her mother-in-law, Mrs. Johanna Hall. Hearing was continued to Sept. 1.

The president and cashier of the suspended Pawnee County bank of Larned, Kan., have been arrested on the charge of embezzlement.

Report says preparations are being made at Buzzard's Bay for the return of the Cleveland family to Washington within a week.

* * *

The Raub Locomotive works, employing 2,500 men, have located at Elwood, Ind.

William Wolfe, a farmer living near Martinsburg, Ia., committed suicide in jail, where he was placed for disturbing a religious meeting.

Dr. John W. KcKinnon, a dentist of Decatur, Ills., married an heiress of Philadelphia in St. Louis. It is said to be an elopement.

Miss Mamie Meyer of St. Louis, daughter of Fred Meyer, a man of wealth, went to St. Charles, Mo., and married William Paul, a street car conductor.

The sawmill of the North Wisconsin Lumber company under a test cut 339,818 feet of logs with two band saws only, which is said to break the world's record.

Albert Spengel of Jamestown, Ills., is in jail at Greenville, charged with setting fire to a dwelling house belonging to John Oestringer, containing 800 bushels of wheat.

The body of George Bennett was found badly mangled by the side of a railroad track in Shabbona, Ills., his home. It is thought he fell under a train in attempting to board it.

* * *

The word from Lucerne, Switzerland, is that Miss Francis Willard has been restored to complete health, and will return to the United States in October.

Rev. E. N. Phillips, pastor of the Christian church at Hammond, Ind., was arrested, charged with cruelly abusing his 1-year-old infant.

George E. Thompson, one of the pioneers of Cheyenne, a helpless paralytic, was burned to death by a lamp exploding and setting fire to his bed.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. L. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Charity Ball."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Lew Dockstader's Minstrels.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AN ABSURD HOWL ABOUT THE 7TH'S IRISH FLAG.

A ludicrous howl has been raised in some of the city papers, notably the *Inter-Ocean*, about the "discourtesy" exhibited toward the State of Illinois by the Seventh Regiment of the State National Guard (formerly the Hibernian Rifles) in carrying the Irish flag, instead of the State flag, in the parade at the World's Fair on Illinois Day. THE CITIZEN is astonished that the *Inter-Ocean* should have become, so suddenly and so zealously, an advocate of "States' Rights." It used to be quite the other way not so long ago. Here is the *Inter-Ocean's* somewhat sensational account of the "indignation" excited (among "Royal Scots" and A. P. A's.) by the event:

"There is serious trouble in the National Guard, and nothing but the good discipline of the First and Second Regiments, D Battery, and Troop A, of this city, prevented a mutiny at Camp Altgeld, where the State troops were encamped yesterday. It was all caused by the appearance of the Irish flag in place of the regular State colors in the ranks of the Seventh Regiment—Hibernian Rifles. It is prescribed by the military laws of Illinois that the State troops of Illinois shall carry both the National and State flags, so yesterday when the Irish command marched into camp with the Illinois colors discarded and those of Ireland substituted for them it caused a murmur of disapproval to run through the entire camp. It is said that Colonel C. R. E. Koch, of the First, and Colonel Louis S. Judd, of the Second, sent word to General Wheeler, commanding the Chicago brigade, that they desired the flag removed at once or desired permission to remove their commands regardless of circumstances. General Wheeler replied that as the flag had been placed there by order of the adjutant-general—which, as everyone acquainted with military affairs knows means the governor, for the adjutant-general has no authority to issue such an order except when told to do so by the governor, and not by himself—he could not order it removed, but requested as a personal favor that the two officers allow their commands to remain.

"Both officers complied with General Wheeler's request as a favor to himself, but the men were not so liberal, and many smothered exclamations of disgust were heard among them.

"'I wish we had a few hundred rounds of ammunition that we might fill the thing full of holes,' said a well-known sergeant. Another, later in the day, suggested that it be taken by force and burned, and immediately found a following of two or three hundred men from the commands all over the State, but the flag had been concealed.

"Aside from the excitement the event caused yesterday there is an after effect that is liable to be far more serious to the guard. An officer of one of the city regiments, in speaking of the affair, said: 'It is an insult to the Illinois National Guard, and every officer and man in the service outside of the regiment which perpetrated the insult resents it as such. Speaking for my own regiment, I can say that there are ten or fifteen of our officers who will never be compelled to participate in an affair of this kind again, for we shall resign within the next two weeks. Of course we recognize the motive as a political one. Altgeld is doing all he can to catch the Irish support for United States senator, and this is only one of the many ways in which he has used the National Guard to aid his political schemes.'

"It is expected that other regiments may be effected in the same way, and a great reduction in the officers' roster of the guards is probable in the next few weeks."

As a matter of fact there was no design of putting aside the State flag, which has not yet been supplied to the regiment by the State, and, therefore, could not be displayed. Both the colonels mentioned as having expressed disapproval of the flag have since, we understand, denied the impeachment. The Hibernian Rifles always carried the Irish flag, and, therefore, there was nothing strange about their carrying it on the day in question. Certainly no "insult" to the State of Illinois could have been intended by men who abandoned their work, and put themselves to extraordinary rounds, to do it honor.

THE CITIZEN is not competent to decide on Gov. Altgeld's political aspirations, because it is not in that gentleman's confidence. This much it will say for him—he has shown a broad American mind in dealing with the Irish military of the State—a much broader mind than many Americans born on the soil. It is only fair to assume that he got a great majority of the Irish-American votes at the late election, so that there is no occasion for him to play a demogogic part in that confection. He has, apparently, acted from a manly standpoint, and any attempt to persecute him because of his alleged partiality toward the Irish will certainly not result to his disadvantage. THE CITIZEN is an independent paper, and, therefore, does not hesitate to speak out its mind. The *Inter-Ocern* is simply hitting at Altgeld over the shoulders of the Seventh Regiment. It cares nothing about the Irish flag—just as little as it really cares about the State flag, which, we dare say, many of its editors could not distinguish from that of any other American State.

The Seventh will, of course, carry a State flag, when it is furnished with its colors, but there is nothing in the military code of Illinois which prevents them from carrying the Irish symbol also. Any attempt to promote ill feeling between the Irish-American regiment and its non-Irish comrades will fail ignominiously. The statement that the Irish flag was "concealed" is an audacious lie, and quite on a par with the rest of the *Inter-Ocean's* silly "sensation."

HOME RULE DOOMED BY "THE LORDS."

The Home Rule bill passed what is known as "report stage" in the English commons last Friday night, by a majority of 38, which will probably be the majority on its final passage this Friday evening. It is expected that the leaders of both parties will make "great speeches on the occasion." A cablegram from London, dated Saturday, says:

"The last stage of the Home Rule debate in the house of commons will begin next Wednesday. This beginning of the end will be marked probably by another great speech from Mr. Gladstone, who will make the motion for the third reading. In this supreme and perhaps his final effort for the Irish cause the aged premier is likely to touch on a question or two which the government has ignored so far in the exhausting and exhaustive discussion of the bill. The Radicals are confident that he will speak from the heart concerning the threatened rejection of the bill by the lords, and many Liberals agree with them that without a reference to the hostile attitude of the upper house Mr. Gladstone's speech must be found wanting at a crucial point. After Mr. Gladstone will come all the masters of oratorical fireworks whom the Unionists can muster. Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer in the last Salisbury administration, is expected to make the first reply to Mr. Gladstone. As he is not a debater of the first order, however, the interest of the Unionists has been concentrated on the attack which Joseph Chamberlain, the 'Judas' of the recent scene in the house, will make on the government in Thursday's sitting. Mr. Balfour, leader of the Unionists, will deliver their final protests against the bill Friday. John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, Herbert Asquith, home secretary, and Sir William Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer, all debaters of the foremost rank, will probably be the government's champions in this final bout with the opposition.

"The Home Rule bill will be passed during the Friday night sitting. The rule closing the debate at midnight will be suspended by the government and at about 2 o'clock the division will be taken. This close of the six months' struggle will be attended surely with scenes of keen excitement. The government, however with vivid recollection of the fight that recently disgraced the house, is making every effort to keep feeling below the danger point. All the Gladstonian members have received word from headquarters that they must refrain from any demonstration likely to anger the opposition excessively. If the Irish members restrain their enthusiasm sufficiently to conform to this request there will be no recurrence of brawls on the floor of the house. It has now been decided definitely that the Home Rule bill shall be introduced in the house of lords Monday, Sept. 4, and will be taken to the second reading the following day. The division will be made and the bill will be rejected Sept. 8."

The duke of Devonshire (lately marquis of Hartingtou), has publicly stated that he will move the rejection of the bill in the house of lords. This was to be expected, as Devonshire, otherwise Cavendish, is a bitter enemy of Ireland and the Irish, and has been ever since his brother, Frederick Cavendish, was murdered, with Under Secretary Burke in Phœnix Park, ten years ago. The repudiation of the crime by Ireland went for nothing. Devonshire is a malignant and narrow-minded man, filled with notions of aristocratic privilege and all such nonsense. He is an idol of the English Unionists, although he is of mediocre ability, and has won the reputation of a shameless libertine. But the English "classes" do not bother themselves about such "trifles." They have been accustomed, for ages, to be led by such characters as the present duke of Devonshire, and could not understand, and would scarcely follow, a man of pure morals. Aristocratic England is rotten with lust and has found a fitting chief. Home Rule has no present chance of passing the house of prostituted privileges and "royal" bastards."

MR. O'SULLIVAN EXPLAINS.

We publish the subjoined letter from Mr. P. O'Sullivan, of South Chicago, with pleasure. We never saw the article in the *Mail* which called for his letter to that paper. The letter was sent to us by a friend. Mr. O'Sullivan's explanation is entirely satisfactory, as far as our own attitude on Irish Day at the World's Fair is concerned. The editor of THE CITIZEN is well accustomed to the venomous misrepresentations of enemies, who chiefly hate him because he has refused to be a panderer to anti-Irish conspirators on and off the press. In fact the latter has frequently been made a tool of by designing "Irish" factionists and renegades, who know the Anglo-American weakness for caricaturing and misrepresenting their fellow-countrymen. The Anglo-Americans are not half as culpable as their bogus "Irish" prompters, who would, at any time, willingly sacrifice cause and country to their spites.

As to the matter of self-aggrandizement, the editor of THE CITIZEN would have far better promoted that ignoble object by refraining from all connection with Irish affairs. He could have been, like others he could name, too "practical" and "sensible" to be anything else than an "American" (born in Ireland) and entirely lifted by the frigid "respectability" of his social and political surroundings above anything so "very vulgah" (in the opinion of Irish renegades and their Knownothing allies) as Ireland and her struggle for liberty. He left the broad and lucrative field of metropolitan American journalism, in which he certainly did himself no discredit, to assist the fight for Irish freedom and to advance the interests of his countrymen in America; and he leaves it to the masses of his fellow-countrymen to say in what position the Irish question would have been in this city, and the country generally, during the last twelve years, if it had not been for the steady fight THE CITIZEN has maintained against every foe of Irish liberty and of Irish-American interests. There are people, even among the Irish, mean and ungrateful enough to begrudge THE CITIZEN, and its like, a decent revenue, while they freely sustain the papers that perpetually revile them, but they are too despicable to be noticed at length. They will pay the frequently extravagant fees of other professionals, without a murmur, but, if they were to have their way, Irish-American editors would be allowed to live on wind pudding, unless God, pitying their state, should allow manna to fall from heaven as in the days when Moses led the Israelites through the Desert "on Etham's barren shore." The anti-Irish Irishman is the most degraded thing that encumbers this earth; and he is all the worse when he happens to be, nominally perhaps, a Catholic. In spite of this class, and the factionists, THE CITIZEN prospers and pursues its way, and its "self-aggrandizing" editor can afford to despise those who hate its immutable principles. Following is Mr. O'Sullivan's letter:

[*To the Editor.*]

SOUTH CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—In your editorial on "Irish Day" in last week's issue I was given a back-hand slap which was not only a surprise to me, as well as to many others, but was certainly entirely uncalled for under the circumstances. Indeed, I can account for this particular reference in the editorial in no other way, than by believing that THE CITIZEN's editor had not seen the article in the *Mail* which occasioned my letter to that paper, or had only read or learned that portion of the letter referring to him, as entirely separate from the context. I cannot conceive that any fair-minded person, reading in full the *Mail's* libelous article and my reply thereto, could construe my meaning in such a light as that attributed to it by THE CITIZEN. On the contrary, the reference to Mr. Finerty was, more than aught else, complimentary to that gentleman's delicacy and good judgment. His interest in the success of Irish Day was well known, while his absence from the early meetings of the committee clearly proved, knowing, as we all do, what weight his opinions would have in this committee work, that he did not wish to be considered as in any way dictating the course to be pursued in a matter affecting the entire Irish race.

The writer is well aware of the interest Mr. Finerty has taken in the success of Irish Day from the moment it was first spoken of to the present time, even apart from that publicly shown in THE CITIZEN. He is aware of Mr. Finerty's warm commendation of the project to Mr. Wilhere, National delegate of the A. O. H.; of a personal letter on the subject to the poet, Eugene Davis, and of many other ways in which the editor of THE CITIZEN used his vast influence for the success of the movement. Indeed, to Mr. Finerty's advice to a certain member of the executive committee, may be largely attributed the abandoning of a projected down town parade on Irish Day, a fact which will contribute more to the success of that day than can readily be demonstrated.

For my letter in the *Mail* I have no apology to offer. It was a plain and truthful reply to a vile and slanderous attack on the Irish Day movement—an attack meant to create in the public mind the idea that the Irish Day project was the work of factionists—that it was an attempt by one section of Irishmen to gain notoriety at the expense of an alleged other section. In the article Mr. Finerty was represented as striving to direct the movement to his personal aggrandizement. My letter was not only a denial of the slanderous assertions of the *Mail* on the whole, but it particularly demonstrated the falsity of the *Mail's* assertion as to Mr. Finerty's sinister designs. I know the editor of THE CITIZEN needs no defense at my hands from any attack made on him personally, but no refutation of the *Mail's* false assertions would, in this case, be complete with Mr. Finerty's name omitted. Trusting, Mr. Editor, I have not occupied your valuable space at too great length, I remain, very respectfully,

P. O'SULLIVAN.

WHAT "THE CHANGE" HAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

The country seems to be face to face with this great question, How are the unemployed to be employed? It might be usefully asked, How did so many people come to be unemployed particularly in Chicago and other large cities? Of course, the first answer will be, Because of the financial stringency. But what caused that stringency? Aye, there's the rub. Short weight silver coinage could not have caused it all. It is true that fool men and women, who abound in this country as elsewhere, buy millions' worth in Europe that they ought to buy at home, and that these millions have to be paid in gold, or gold values, but that alone could not cause the prevailing constipation of the currency, although it may have seriously helped it. What, then, is the main trouble?

THE CITIZEN answers, Want of confidence in the future of our industries. Last fall brought about a revolution in the result of the presidential election.

The majority of the people "wanted a change," and they have got it, with more than a vengeance. Not a single manufacturer in the country has put a dollar extra into plant or business since the presidential contest was decided in favor of the Democratic party. Oh, this is politics, the flippant Clevelandite editor will remark. Well, supposing it is? Has politics nothing to do with business? The platform of a great party, adopted in full convention, declares the economic policy of the opposition great party a fraud and a sham. It appeals to the people to aid in overthrowing a "robber tariff." Its national candidate "straddles" the difficulty and is elected. But everybody of common-sense knows that a party is stronger than any man, even though he happens to be president. The party, nathless the president, is pledged to destroy "the robber tariff," or else descend to the level of obtaining power under false pretenses.

Manufacturers are haunted by visions of "tariff for revenue only." They know that it would be madness for them to invest their money, when a majority in both houses of congress have it in their power to beggar them by hostile legislation. They cannot rely on the presidential veto, which would, doubtless, be overridden. They stand, as it were, on a narrow mountain road, obstructed in their front and with an avalanche hanging threateningly above them. To save themselves, they must not even stand still. They must turn back, and cut expenses to maintain their solvency. Thus, we have it announced, from day to day that all the great plants of the country, steel and iron works, woolen fabrics, and so on, are either discharging employes, cutting wages, or shutting down altogether. The unemployed, forced out of work by the suicidal political revolution of last fall—a revolution foolishly accomplished when the country was at the very height of prosperity—crowd the big cities in search of work. Poor fellows! we have the deepest sympathy for them, and this is not the time to hurl the reproach that they helped along their own misfortunes by listening to the words of the tempter.

It is nonsense to say that, because the McKinley bill is in operation, the present distress cannot be charged to change of administration. Manufacturers look beyond today or tomorrow. If the Democratic leaders are not cheats and liars, they must, as soon as possible, repeal the McKinley bill. This the manufacturers know, and they will not risk a cent on the future—not one. Their money remains tied up. Who can blame them? Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the wise man buys his fuel in the summer time, and makes other preparations for the cold winter. So with the American manufacturers. They see the winter coming. The first snowflakes are beginning to fall in Washington, and they will not be caught helpless in the storm.

THE CITIZEN has no axe to grind in writing thus. In fact, it knows that this article will offend many of its readers, who are mostly Democrats, and cannot, perhaps, be made to see that it writes in the interest of the whole country, and not of any party, as an independent organ of public opinion should. THE CITIZEN thinks more of America than of any political party, and it sincerely believes that had the presidential result of last November been reversed, the country would now be enjoying the peace, prosperity and plenty which it had enjoyed for twenty years previously.

DISCIPLINED A SAXON.

Mr. Furniss, an artist for the London *Punch* made a gross caricature of Mr. McNeill, an Irish member of parliament from Ulster. The Ulsterian "laid for" the Saxon, and, catching him in the vicinity of the 'ouse h'of commons, ye know, gave him a most systematic flagulation. Did the haughty Saxon defend himself against the fiery Celt? Oh no. He took to his heels, like Old Nick in a gale of wind, and left the gory field to the triumphant McNeill. Mr. Furniss will charge double, on account of constructive damages, when he is asked to caricature another Irishman for *Punch*. By the way, the English themselves think McNeill acted about right, and even Speaker Peel has refused to censure the member from Ulster. If there were a few Irishmen, like Mr. McNeill, in New York, the artistic blackguards employed by *Puck*, et al, would be much more discreet than they are at present. But most of the enlightened American editors would immediately call such an Irishman "a brute and a bully."

JOHN MORLEY AS "AN IRISHMAN."

The English treasury officials and postmaster-general, having decided to discontinue the railway and steamship special postal service between Queenstown (Cove) Ireland, and London, a deputation of mayors, aldermen, merchants and officers of boards of commerce from various parts of Ireland, waited upon Chief Secretary John Morley at his office in the Castle recently, and made vigorous protest against the action taken by the government. Mr. Morley, who is the only really honest English official that ever "favored" Ireland with his "services," replied as follows:

"I don't think I need detain you longer, because, of course, you won't expect from me a definite yes or no, as you know it is not my department. I suppose this change has taken place in consequence of some economic considerations in the treasury. It is probably more the action of the treasury than of the postmaster-general, and, of course, treasury matters are matters that require serious consideration. All I can promise you is that I am just in the same mind as I was this time twelve months when I first came over here (hear, hear), and no influence that I can use will be spared, and I shall use my very strongest influence to have the arrangement continued. Of course, I must lay all this matter before the chancellor of the exchequer, for although I am not an Irishman, I am as good an Irishman as you can make out of an Englishman (laughter and hear, hear), and I will do my best. Ireland has not many advantages or privileges in the race, and I don't mean to let her lose one of them, if I can help it." (Applause.)

On the proposal of Mr. Field, the cordial thanks of the deputation were tendered to Mr. Morley, who expressed his acknowledgments and his regret that he could not receive them at an earlier hour.

PATRIOTIC PRESBYTERIANS.

The gallant and patriotic spirit of 1782 is not entirely dead in the Presbyterians of Ulster—the grandsons of the militant "rebels" of Ballinahinch and Antrim. They are not all afraid of the Catholic majority of their fellow-countrymen. Following is the significant reply of Mr. Gladstone, addressed to the moderator of the general assembly, to the declaration signed by 3,535 Liberal members of the Presbyterian church in Ireland in connection with the assembly expressive of gratitude to, and confidence in him, as the trusted leader of the Liberal party:

"10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, Aug. 12.—*Dear Sir:* I have received with pleasure the address from 3,500 Presbyterians favorable to home rule for Irish purposes in Ireland which you have been good enough to send me. I attach to it a great value, and I considered it as indicating a large section of favorable opinion, being well aware of the impediments which might deter men who entertain similar opinions from a gratuitous manifestation at the present time. I also observe what you have been good enough to state as to the spontaneous character of the address. I looked forward with confidence to a very large and early return of Presbyterians in particular to the sentiments in favor of union with their fellow-countrymen, which governed them as a body one century ago, but this will in all likelihood be delayed until the party controversy has been closed. It is constantly assumed by our opponents that what they term the loyal minority is homogeneous on all important matters. The sentiments now placed before me as to the land laws remind me how likely it is that on this subject in particular they will ere long be largely undeceived. I have the honor to be yours, etc., W. E. GLADSTONE."

EDINBURGH IS NOW A GERMAN.

That quintessence of financial meanness, Alfred Weltin, son of the widow Weltin, and duke of Edinburgh, has just succeeded to the petty throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, rendered vacant by the death of his father's brother, Duke Ernest. The English are mad about his acceptance of the position, and so also are the Germans. The former are angry with "Alf," because, as admiral prince of the blood and what not, he has managed to draw from the imperial treasury, during the last thirty-five years, the comfortable sum of $5,000,000, and the Germans are wild with rage because "Alf's" wife is the sister of the Russian Czar—the deadliest foe of the Fatherland. It is understood that the duchess of Edinburgh wears the male unmentionables in that family, being the daughter of Alexander II and the sister of Alexander III, could not bend her haughty soul to walk after the princess of Wales in the "royal" receptions and processions. Once she has "reigned" in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, it would seem, she can walk in front of her Danish sister-in-law, which must be a great satisfaction to the daughter of all the Romanoffs.

The Germans despise "Alf" Weltin. They know that he is the most parsimonious man in Europe—a trait he inherits from his grandfather, George III and his mother, Queen Vic. The prince of Wales, his brother, is notoriously a spendthrift, like his maternal ancestors, the Stuarts. He cares nothing for money, except to spend it in "venel and ungodly glee." Edinburgh would fight with a cabman over change for a shilling. When he was in Australia, he made presents to some of the official women in that country, and charged the price to the home government. A thousand stories of his meanness, some of them, perhaps, exaggerated, are told in England; but enough is known of his character, as a matter of fact, to render him exceedingly unpopular. He enjoys the reputation of being an able sea officer, but he has been compelled to resign his commission, as British admiral, in order to accept the crown of the little German duchy.

DEADLY SCIENCE WILL EXTINGUISH WAR.

England, although mostly successful in her career of rapine, has suffered many disasters by land and sea, but no modern misfortune that has befallen her approached in magnitude the recent loss of the great battleship Victoria, by collision with a sister vessel, in the Mediterranean sea. The loss of a dozen battles could hardly have been more fatal to the prestige of the boasted British navy. At one fell stroke, all its pride of arms was shattered, and the confidence of its seamen destroyed. Naval armament has been carried to such an extravagant pitch, that the ocean, on the slightest provocation, yawns, grave like, to receive into its charnel depths the unwieldy masses of iron which oppress her surface. Iron monsters may, hereafter, be useful for coast defense, but the fate of the mighty Victoria has stamped a sentence of death on the heavy-armored warship. The time will soon come when sailors will refuse to serve in such craft, because they have come to believe that the slightest hole in their armor will send them to the bottom. That England is shaken up over the subject is illustrated by the following telegram:

"LONDON, Aug. 19.—The survivors of the Victoria arrived in London this week, bringing with them facts about the disaster that were not disclosed at the court-martial. They make it clear that 400 lives and the ship were sacrificed simply to well-known British traits of arrogance and intolerance. Admiral Tryon was in sound mental condition at the time of the disaster, unless great anger is a form of insanity. No man was more intolerant of suggestion than Tryon. The fact was brought to his attention more times than was disclosed in the court-martial that the manœuvre was dangerous with only six cables between columns. The last time the suggestion was made the admiral flew into a passion described as volcanic. His slight illness had made him unusually irritable. Rear Admiral Markham and others on the Camperdown realized the fatal nature of the order, and their implied protest brought a stinging response from the flagship. Rear Admiral Markham turned to the captain of his ship and said: 'You know what this means—one of these ships will be rammed.' Then added, grimly: 'And I'll take d—d good care it isn't mine.' Rear Admiral Markham was deeply incensed at the implied censure in the verdict. He said after trial that he had been treated more as a prisoner than a witness, and had been flouted for doing

his duty. One of the most striking incidents of the terrible day occurred on the warship Edgar. Everybody saw the Victoria was doomed. After the collision the boats were quickly got off the davits when an order annulling that order came and the officer in charge was instructed to hoist the boats on board. The men openly mutinied and declared that they did not care a d—n for the admiral and were going to save their mates. The boatswain explained to the lieutenant, who repeated the order. The men replied by lowering the boats with a rush and pulling off at top speed to the doomed ship. They rescued 175 men, scores of whom would have been drowned but for this disobedience. Therefore the offenders were not disciplined. The disaster had a serious effect on ordinary seamen, marines, and stokers in the fleet. All regard the ships as death-traps, and declare that the old wooden ships were much safer. It will be a long time before the lost confidence of the rank and file of the navy will be restored."

There is a good deal of common-sense in the sailors' opinion of the old "wooden walls." They could float, at least. This they proved at the Nile, Trafalgar, Navarino and other tremendous seafights, where, riddled to pieces under cannon fire, they still kept above the waves, and rarely foundered unless their magazines exploded or they burned to the water's edge. Our own American cruisers, which may be roughly described as a compromise between the wooden man-of-war and the monster iron vessels, can do more real sea service than the now discredited naval giants. The certainty of death, in land or sea warfare, brought about by the perfection of modern appliances for killing soldiers and sailors will do more toward promoting universal peace than all the efforts of the peace congresses. When men feel that they have no chance whatever for their lives; that every honorable pathway toward escape is closed, they will not be in a hurry to enlist, and, if conscripted, they will either desert or mutiny. When a little torpedo, or an ungainly ram, can sink, within a few minutes, a floating Gibraltar there is an end to the seaman's confidence in his ship. When a 38-caliber bullet, fired a distance of three miles, with smokeless powder, can pierce at that astounding range the bodies of four men placed in file behind each other—the test has been made by the French on four human corpses—there is an end to confidence in the soldier. He can be killed, or wounded, without either seeing, or hearing, his enemy. Whole regiments, brigades, divisions, even corps, can be swept away, if placed in an exposed position, without experiencing any of the fierce enthusiasm, and splendid excitement, of the older, louder and less deadly system of warfare. Vanity has always had much to do with human valor—desire to win the applause of the fair. Frederick leading his soldiers to the charge at Leuthen; Napoleon heading the republican grenadiers over the bridges of Lodi and Arcola; Lannes "raging like a lion" in front of the Austrian fire at Montebello; Davoust defeating with his three divisions of infantry the Grand Army of Prussia, under its king, at Auerstadt; Massena seated amid the ruins of the village of Essling, covering the French retreat across the Danube, to the island of Lobau; Murat breaking the Russian centre, at the head of 14,000 cavalry, at Preuss-Eylau; Ney riding from wing to wing of his line, encouraging his soldiers to advance under the fire of 300 pieces of cannon, at Friedland; Phil Sheridan with voice and sword, restoring the battle and leading back the Union troops to victory at Cedar Creek—these heroic visions can never be seen on earth again. There is little or no room for a display of personal bravery left in the modern field of warlike action. War is doomed—simply because most men have been attracted to it by a thirst for glory, and modern science has eliminated the personally heroic figure from the "field of fame."

JUDGE GEORGE H. KETTELLE, of the Superior court of Cook county, died at his home, No. 514 Evanston avenue, early Wednesday morning. His death was not unexpected by his many friends, as he had been in poor health for a long time, and for two weeks past it was known he had been steadily sinking. The funeral ceremonies were held yesterday (Friday) afternoon at the family residence, after which the remains were interred at Graceland cemetery.

HENRY GEORGE will speak at Mrs. Hart's Irish Village (Donegal Castle) today, (Saturday, Sept. 2.) It is expected that Father McGlynn will also speak on the occasion.

MR. WILLIAM P. LYNDON, of this city, until recently a resident of Spring Valley, Ill., is a brother of Patrick and Mary Lyndon, who, with fifteen other excursionists, were drowned in the Shannon on Aug. 15. The saddest feature of the accident is that the ill-fated brother and sister were the only children remaining at home with the aged parents, the others having emigrated to this country. Their father is about 80 years of age. THE CITIZEN extends its sympathy to Mr. Lyndon, as well as to the bereaved relatives of all those who met with their unexpected death.

Rumor is current in Belfast that a hitch has taken place in the Irish Unionist club movement; and that this is the reason why Lord Templetown refuses to admit reporters to meetings, and supplies newspapers and agencies himself with accounts of the proceedings.

ENGLAND'S ROTTEN TUBS.

Important Debate in the House of Commons Over the Notorious Decadence of the British Navy.

The Service Demoralized.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—In the house of commons today Edward T. Gourley, member for Sutherland, and a well known shipbuilder, asked whether, since the sinking of the war ship Victoria, the government's attention had been directed to the criticism of experts at home and abroad as to the utility of ships of monster size, and whether an inquiry would be made regarding the capability of the lower structure of such ships to prevent capsizing in the event of some of their compartments filling with water. He also asked whether the admiralty officials were aware that the lower structure of those ships, when pierced, might, as in the case of the Victoria, disturb the center of gravity and cause them to turn turtle.

Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, secretary to the admiralty, replied that the admiralty had not failed to consider the criticisms referred to, but was decidedly of the opinion that it would be advisable to build more ships of the dimensions already decided upon in view of the strength of those they might encounter in case of war. The admiralty saw no reason for a special inquiry into the subject, as the question of the lower structure had necessarily been dealt with in designing the ships.

Lord George Hamilton (Conservative) member for Ealing division of Middlesex and lately first lord of the admiralty, attacked the government for neglecting to maintain the efficiency of the navy. He declared that unless a determined effort was made to construct new warships England's supremacy on the sea would vanish within three years. Already the French and Russian battleships together reached a total of twenty-five, against twenty-two effective British vessels of that class. France and Russia have ten battleships in course of construction, while Great Britain has only three. In first-class cruisers only was Great Britain slightly superior to France and Russia. He suggested that supplementary estimates be allowed for the purpose of pushing on the work of building new warships.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer, replying to Lord George Hamilton, held that the superiority of the British navy over the navies of other countries was never so great as now. He denied the accuracy of the figures presented by Lord George Hamilton. The chancellor of the exchequer concluded by declaring that the government was fully alive to all its obligations and would maintain the naval superiority of Great Britain.

Sir E. J. Reed, member from Cardiff, who was for a number of years chief of constructor of the navy, declared that the disaster to the Victoria was just what had been anticipated in regard to this class of vessels for years past. A ship with a large armored center citadel and unarmored ends was bound to capsize if badly injured in the ends. How many more ships, he asked, would have to capsize before the admiralty gave up the construction of such vessels? Owing to the requirements of these vessels, the space taken up by the men's quarters and so forth it was impossible to provide them with reliable water-tight compartments.

George J. Goschen, formerly first lord of the admiralty, said he regretted the tendency shown by the secretary to the admiralty to make light of the loss of the Victoria. In view of the opinion of experts that a like fate might overtake other vessels, a full and immediate inquiry into the construction of this class of warships was desirable.

Admiral Field said that the standard for the navy should be based upon the work that the navy had to do. This was not taken into consideration by the framers of the naval estimates. Ten more first-class ships were required, especially effective rams, a large sum of money had been spent upon vessels that looked like rams, but that did not deserve the name, and that could do no more execution than a man tilting against a stone wall with a thimble on his nose.

In the course of a general reply the secretary to the admiralty said that a further inquiry in regard to the loss of the Victoria would be instituted if the admiralty should consider it desirable.

The Modern Viking Ship.

Nine centuries ago Lief Erickson, or "Lief the Lucky," found his way, it is claimed, to the shores of America in one of the sea-skimming dragons, and skirted along our New England coast long before Columbus crossed the Atlantic in his caravels; and the stone tower at Newport, the age of which no one seems to know, is thought by many to have been built by the viking's crew.

Prominent Norwegians interested in the debate as to whether Erickson really did make this voyage, have patriotically contributed money to have a ship built in all respects similar to the one found at Gokstad. She is sent across the ocean on a visit to America and the World's Fair as a part of Norway's exhibit. She is seventy-seven feet long and sixteen feet wide. Her rudder is on the starboard or "steerboard" side, and she flies the ancient and dreaded red flag and raven of the pirates of old. She has thirty oars, worked by relays of rowers from a crew of eighty picked Norwegian sailors, who brought her over the sea with sail and oar just as their forefathers came so long ago, amid icebergs and storms.

There is one difference, however; for instead of landing on a rock-bound coast inhabited by savage Indians, they are welcomed by a new nation, great and free, in whose harbors is many an iron war-ship greater and more terrible than the viking ever dreamt of. But these men-of-war did not meet to destroy one another in battle, but for the purpose of celebrating the coming of that other great sea-rover and discoverer, Columbus.

When the Palisades of the Hudson looked down upon the seemingly antique caravels, themselves modern beside the viking ship, perhaps the old rocks sleepily wondered at the absence of the good ship "Half Moon"—the craft of their old friend Hendrk Hudson; for to them it seemed that the old Dutch vessel might well have joined the procession of historic ships that long ago discovered America.—*August St. Nicholas.*

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.

[AIS LEANAMHAIN.]

Air deire do shin an corpán a lámh amach aris, agus dubhairt sé "cuir ann sin mé—cuir ann sin me." "Is i seo an Chill dheirfionnach" ar Tadhg ann a inntinn féin, "agus dubhairt an firin beag liath liom go leigfidhe dham a chur gan aon amhras i g-Cill éigin aca. Ni féidir nach nglacfaidhear ann so é."

Bhi an cheud dath roimh fáinne an lae, agus an cheud-sholas ag tosughadh annsan taobh shiar, acht bhi sé tús nios duibhe 'ná riamh, mar do bhi an ghealach imthighthe 'nna luidhe, agus ni raibh na reulta geal. "O! deun deifir, O! deun deifir," ar san corpán aris leis, agus rinne Tadhg an méad deifre d'fheud sé dheunamh go dtáinig sé chum na Cille. Bhi an séipeul 'nna sheasamh i lár na roilige, agus ni raibh an roilig féin acht 'nna áit bhig shuaraigh gan mórán uaigh innti. Shiúbhail Tadhg go dána asteach thrid an ngeata fosgailte, agus nior bhain rud ar bith leis, ni fhacaidh agus nior chuiaidh sé dadamh. Tháinig sé go dti ceartlár na cille, agus sheas sé suas ann sin, agus dheare sé 'nna thimchioll ag iarraidh rud éigin, spáide no shuaiste le a ndeunfadh sé an uaigh.

Mar thionntaigh sé ag dearcadh thart thimchioll air gach taoibh chonnaire sé (rud do chuir iongantus mór air) uaigh réidh deunta os a chómhair. Dhruid sé anonn chuici agus dheare sé sios, agus do chonnaire sé cómhra dubh innti. Chuaidh sé sios annsan bpoll, chomh maith agus d'fheud sé, agus thóg sé an folach de'n chómhra agus fuair sé go raibh sé folamh mar shaoil sé. Is air éigin do bhi sé imthighthe suas as an bpoll, agus 'nna sheasamh air an mbruach nuair sgaoil go h-obann an corpán do bhi greamuighthe ann le nios mó 'ná ocht n-uaire a dhá righ ó n-a mhuineul agus a luirgne ó n-a leasrachaibh, agus thuit sé sios le plap annsan g-cómhra fosgailte. Chuaidh Tadhg sios air a dhá ghlúin air bhruach na h-uaighe agus thug sé buidheachus le Dia. Ni dheárna sé aon mhaille ann sin, acht d'fháisg sé an folach sios air an g-cómhra agus chaith sé an chréafóg asteach le n-a dhá lámh. Nior bh'fhada go raibh an uaigh lionta. Déim sé air an talamh le n-a dhá chois go raibh sé cruaidh agus teann, agus ann sin d'fhág sé an áit.

Bhi an ghrian ag éirighe nuair bhi sé réidh le n-a obair, agus budh h-é an cheud rud do rinne sé teach-ósda d'fhághail amach Fuair sé sin, agus luidh sé sios air leabuidh ann, agus chodail sé go dti an oidhche. D'éirigh sé agus d'ith sé beagán, agus luidh sé sios aris agus chodail sé go dti an mhaidin. Air maidin fuair sé capall air iasacht, agus chuaidh sé abhaile air marcuigheacht. Bhi sé an t-am sin deich mile air fhichid ó'n mbaile, agus nios mó, agus budh léir dó gur shidhbail sé an oiread sin an oidhche do chuir sé an corpán.

Shaoil uile dhuine d'fhág sé annsa' mbaile go raibh sé imthighthe as an tir, agus bhi luthgháire mhór orra nuair tháinig sé air ais. Bhi uile dhuine 'ga fhiafraigh dhé cia an áit a raibh sé, acht nior innis sé do dhuine air bith é acht do'n athair.

Bhi sé 'nná dhuine athraighthe ó'n am sin. Nior ól se iomarcuidh, nior chaill sé a airgiod air chárdaibh, agus go mór-mhór ni ghlacfadh sé an domhan agus bheith amuigh leis féin nuair bhi sé dorcha.

Ni raibh sé coitchéas ann sa' mbaile nuair phós sé Máire an cailin do bhi i ngrádh leis, agus is aig an mbainfheis sin do bhi an greann, agus is é do bhi 'nna fhear sásta ó'n lá sin. Go raibh sinne chomh sásta leis!

[CRIOCH.]

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

[To the Editor.]

Never until within the last few years was it questioned in America that Ireland is a nation and has a national flag. The Mugwumps were the first party to oppose every recognition of Irish sentiment in the United States. The commission in charge of the World's Fair seems to include a number of Anglomaniacs. They would not allow of a separate Irish exhibit, and they prohibited the Green Flag. Ireland now is as much entitled to have a national banner as Bavaria, Norway, Canada, or India. I saw all those flags flying at the Fair. The man who said he lived twenty years in Ireland and never saw an Irish flag there simply lied. I have seen it on every public building in Dublin, and even in the Castle. The harp, and the green are recognized in the facings and badges of numerous regiments. We had the harp on Irish copper coinage. The Irish flag is seen in the third-quarter of the queen's banner. The field there is blue, as the Irish flag originally had a blue field, but this was changed to green by the Volunteers in 1782 and the change was legalized by the Irish parliament.

It is an insult to say to Irishmen, "the Union Jack is your flag." The cursed Union was carried by fraud, and was never accepted by the Irish people; and its symbol never will be regarded with affection or respect. It is only an exhibition of ignorance to tell Irishmen that their national flag is included in the "Jack." The red cross of St. George and the blue saltire of St. Andrew were really the flags of England and Scotland before the union of those two countries. But Ireland never used the so-called cross of St. Patrick on a flag at any time. This red saltire on white was not invented till the foundation of the Knights of St. Patrick, and is a pure fiction of the English college of heralds. There is no Irish authority whatever for it. Therefore, Ireland is no more represented by this cross than Jamaica; and Ireland has neither lot nor part in the inartistic "Jack." Now, sir, I think the insulting and high-handed proceedings of the Fair commission can and must be overruled. The city of Chicago, the state of Illinois, through their chief executives, can and will recognize Ireland's nationality and Ireland's flag. And I am sure, if President Cleveland is appealed to, he will do the same. W.

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

There will be a meeting of the Irish-American Council at Fitzgerald's hall corner Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday, Sept. 17, at 3 o'clock p. m., to elect a marshal and to transact other business concerning Irish Day at the World's Fair. Each society is requested to send three delegates.

JOHN FOLEY, President. M. CONROY, Secretary.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS

Hold Their Tenth Annual Convention at North Side Turner Hall.

Reports Read Which Show the Prosperous Condition of the Order—A Large Attendance.

The tenth annual convention of the International Catholic Order of Foresesters was formally opened Tuesday morning by the celebration of solemn high mass in St. Joseph's church, Market and Hill streets. Before proceeding to the church the delegates and visitors assembled at the North Side Turner hall, where the convention is being held. Here they were supplied with badges by High Secretary Cannon. At 10 o'clock they were marshaled into a column 700 strong and marched to the church to the music rendered by Rohrbacher's Foresters' band. The uniformed rank, of which 250 members were in line, formed the honorary escort. The officers are John C. Schubert, clerk of the Criminal court, who is high chief ranger; C. Ritchot, of Montreal, vice-high chief ranger; Thomas H. Cannon, high secretary; Henry Detmer, high treasurer; and Dr. F. J. O'Malley, high medical examiner.

At the church the Rev. William Hein, who acted as master of ceremonies, received the delegates and assigned them seats. After the preliminaries were concluded the Rev. Father P. J. Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese of Chicago, gave an address of welcome. He represented Archbishop Feehan, who ranks as high chaplain of the order.

High mass was then celebrated by the Rev. Clemens Strathnan, the Rev. Adelbert Mueller officiating as deacon and the Rev. Marianus Beyerl as subdeacon. An eloquent sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. P. Dore, of the Holy Name Cathedral. The St. Joseph's choir rendered Beethoven's mass with the assistance of Organist Charles Ranker. The solo parts were taken by Mrs. Puehrle, Miss Becker, Miss Hart and Miss Ludwig.

Among those most prominent in the order attending the convention, are: L. P. Dwyer, Lawrence Byrne, J. E. Kelly, Edward Hayes, James Breen, J. J. Carberry, P. M. Clowry, the Rev. A. J. McGavick, W. G. Brennan, Dr. P. H. Conley, John Hale, P. J. Doyle, P. W. Holway, Lawrence Foley, J. D. Tighe, Edward S. Cummings, W. E. Flynn, J. P. Lauth, T. F. McCarthy, J. J. Sullivan, A.C. Lipke, W.G. Graham, E.J. Larkin, J. D. Raggio, the Rev. E. A. Kelly and J. P. Rafferty, Chicago; Daniel McCann and T. J. Hendricks, Evanston; P. H. Giblin, Eugene Colgan, the Rev. D. J. Ryan and Daniel Cain, Springfield; D. A. Grady, Waukegan; Louis Goudreau, Jr. and L. Drolet, Rockford; P.H. Reilly, Daniel Coakley, D.B. Hurley, J.T. Kelly and P. H. Murphy, Milwaukee; F. T. McNally and J. F. Shields, Kankakee; L. A. Cyr, Aurora; O.J. Tony, and J.J. Fitzgerald, St. Paul; the Rev. H. Desjardins, C. N. Veilleux, L. D. Poulin and W. P. Brown, Quebec; Patrick Martin, James O'Keefe, J. P. Doran and F. A. Bussiere, Montreal; A. B. Schacher, Hammond, Ind.; T. P. Sheehan, Elgin; H. A. Schmitz and J. Baumstack, Racine; Thomas Kelly and Joseph Trudell, Duluth; M. A. Walsh and J. J. Logan, Clinton, Iowa; M. H. Fagin, Ottawa; Daniel Tully, Dubuque; J. G. Peltier and S. N. Fontaine, Minneapolis; Otto Trilling, Sheboygan.

The afternoon session was called to order about 3 o'clock by High Chief Ranger Schubert, who immediately appointed the committee on credentials as follows:

Chairman, T. H. Cannon; John Bednorz, Michael Cyr, Henry Schomer and P. H. Murphy.

The remainder of the session was consumed with the examining and accrediting of the delegates' papers.

In the evening a reception was held in the convention hall under the auspices of the Cook county courts. Addresses were made by John C. Schubert and Father Muldoon. Music was rendered and refreshments served.

The actual business of the convention was taken up Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Mayor Harrison addressed the assembly. The reports of the different officials were received and read. They show that the order is in a prosperous condition. In May, 1892, the courts numbered 285, and last May the number increased to 351, with a total membership of 23,155, or an aggregate gain of 4,223 members for the year. Since May the courts have increased in number to 378. Illinois heads the list of States with 165. Wisconsin is the next with thirty-eight. The sum of $107,309.73 was paid out in endowments during the present fiscal year, and there still remains a balance of $11,122.34 in the fund.

OUR BRITISH "COUSINS."

They Accomplished by Cunning What They Failed to Compass by Force of Arms.

We're a great people—intensely patriotic, and allow no foreign dictation. When our old bald-headed bird of liberty screams the British lion drops his tail between his legs and scoots up an alley. How we do everlastingly love to tell each other how our revolutionary dads whaled the life out of old King George! And how the political stumper does knock holes into the air while trying to impress it upon his audience that we are the quintessence of intelligence and patriotism! Holy smoke! but we are immense! Therefore, we are also generous. To show our liberality, we allow our British aristocratic cousins to hold millions of acres of land that our forefathers gained by shedding blood, and we are content to pay rent for using the same, so that our blue-blooded neighbors will not be compelled to work like the vulgar people. We pay tribute in gold, bear in mind. We allow them to own our national, state and municipal bonds and pay the interest in gold. They control the greatest of our railroads, our mines, our insurance companies, our waterworks and street railways; they control our ocean and much of our lake craft, our breweries, our improvement and building and loan associations, our banks, our sugar supply, carpet, cotton and woolen mills, iron and steel industries, lumber, salt, copper and the Lord only knows what they don't control. They fix the price of our wheat, corn, oats and other cereals; they fix the price of our beef, pork and mutton, and they pay for all other products what what they see fit. Yes, we are a most magnificent people!

Our English cousins—that is, not the poor working slaves, but the money and landlords—at least double their possessions every generation. They control the world's gold, and we must give them interest for the privilege of using the same. They loan or rent, not sell, their gold; and with a small part of the interest they fix the markets, but this gold again comes back in interest. So we actually place in their hands the weapons with which they beat down the values of our own production. Now this may be scientific politics from the standpoint of plutocrats and their agents and press, but we fail to see it from the view of producers. Although our forefathers stopped the flow of our wealth by direct taxation to Europe in 1776, that was a mere pittance compared to the annual outflow now. The Lombard street Shylocks make certain demands and they find their echo in Wall street. Candidates and platforms of political parties, if not actually dictated by, must be acceptable to, Wall street. For proof, read the papers before party conventions; read between the lines. A hue and cry is started in Wall street (at the dictation of Europe) against silver, and it is immediately passed along the line. The chambers of commerce, the stock exchanges and the newspapers cry "Stop thief!" while the real pickpockets are at work. What we need is a new declaration of independence! The men who are knowingly and wilfully playing into the hands of the European Shylocks are betrayers of their country, Judases to the American people—in plainer words, they are unhung Tory traitors.—*Cleveland Citizen.*

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

In pursuance to a resolution passed at the last meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, all members of the Order in Cook county are hereby requested to be present at Twelfth street and Blue Island avenue, on Sunday morning, Sept. 10, at 9 o'clock, for the purpose of participating in the parade in honor of his Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago, on the occasion of the dedication of St. Pius' church. As it is expected that the most eminent ecclesiastics in the Catholic church from all over the country will be present at the dedicatory ceremonies (being then in the city as representatives to the Catholic Congress) it is earnestly desired that all A. O. H. men in Chicago will be in attendance without fail. All members should endeavor to provide themselves with the new regalia for this occasion if possible.

P. B. FLANAGAN, County Delegate.

THE WORKINGMAN'S COMPLAINT.

The following realistic ballad is clipped from an old country exchange. We may be permitted to remark that the circumstances apply to free America as well as to "merry England."

Ay, dear old wife, I'm out of work,
Discharged have been today;
They tell me now I am too old,
Because my hair is gray.
Instead of notice they gave me,
A week's pay in advance;
They're sorry—so they said, old girl—
You know what that means, Nance.

It's hard, old wife—it's bitter hard!
God knows what we shall do.
I don't mind, dear one, for myself,
I only think of you—
Of you, poor heart, the loving wife
Of many happy years;
The helpmeet, tender, faithful, true—
I can't keep back my tears.

For fifty years I've worked for them
A willing, faithful slave,
And after all it comes to this—
Maybe a pauper's grave;
For where can I fresh labor seek?
What can I say or do?
The masters won't engage a man
Whose age is sixty-two.

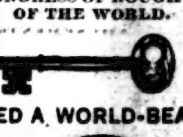
Too old, too old, ah, curse of age—
It is my manhood's shame—
The masters' subterfuge, a lie!
Where can we justice claim?
They've had the best years of my life,
They've drained my manhood dry;
I've helped them build a fortune up,
They leave me now to die.

They want fresh blood and youthful men,
They want less wage to pay,
And, like an orange squeezed of juice,
I'm careless thrown away.
Why should they care, why should they heed?
The thing that they have done
In "merry England" of today,
My fate's a common one.

I'm but a humble working man,
I've led an honest life,
My duty I have tried to do
To Heaven, man, and wife.
What could I save on what I've earned?
They hoped I had, they said;
Just fancy thirty bob a week
For rent, and clothes, and bread.

What's that you say, old girl? "cheer up!"
You give a smile divine;
You say that every darkest cloud
Has got a silver line.
God bless you, dear, for those sweet words:
But my life's story's told,
The workman's doomed when masters say
For them he is to old.

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.
We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SIXTY-SECOND AND SIXTY-THIRD-STS.
Opposite World's Fair.
EVERY DAY, RAIN OR SHINE,
(SUNDAY INCLUDED),
at 3 and 8:30 p. m.
THE COOLEST PLACE IN CHICAGO.
Driest, Cleanest, Neatest and Most Comfortable Resort in Chicago. No mud, no dust. Best place to go on rainy days; 20 feet from all railroads.
BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.
The  to All.
VOTED A WORLD-BEATER.

THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN OR
Custer's Last Charge.
18,000 Seats. Covered Grand Stand. Herds of Buffalo, Wild Steers and Bucking Bronchos.
Alley L, Illinois Central, Grip, Electric and Horse Cars all stop at the entrances going to or coming from the World's Fair.
Admission.....50 Cents
Children under 10 years.....25 Cents
Boxes and Box Seats on sale at McIntosh's Library, 31 Monroe-st. Popular Price Restaurant on the Grounds.

LOST!

The public is hereby notified that Elk Run Distilling Company warehouse receipts Nos. 19,631, 19,632, 19,633 and 19,634, issued by Allen-Bradley Company, of Frankfort, Ky., on Feb. 8, 1893, to Delaney & Murphy, Chicago, Ill., have been lost or stolen. Said warehouse receipts cover twenty (20) barrels Elk Run Bourbon whisky, serial Nos. 54,245 to 54,264 inclusive, inspection Jan. 20, 1892, and stored in bonded warehouse of Allen-Bradley Company in Jefferson County, Kentucky. The above mentioned warehouse receipts and the whisky covered thereby is our property and if said warehouse receipts are now held by anyone, said possession is without right. All persons are hereby warned against trading for or purchasing same as the delivery of the whisky has been stopped.
DELANEY & MURPHY,
Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS MURPHY,
DEALER IN
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
Donegal Irish Village,
Midway Plaisance.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

HENRY N. STOLTENBERG,
Attorney-at-Law,
ROOM 809 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,
112 CLARK STREET
CHICAGO.
FORMERLY WITH WINDES & SULLIVAN.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.
John Naghten & Co,
AGENTS
VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF RICHMOND, VA.
181 LaSalle-st, Chicago
Telephone 923.

THE OLD MAN SINGS.

There's a wabble in the jingle and a stumble in the meter,
And the accent ought be clearer and the volume be completer,
And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation,
And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation;
But there's music such as once was played before the ancient kings,
When the old man plays the fiddle and goes feeling for the strings;
There is laughter shocked with tear drops when the old man sings.

And we form a ring around him, and we place him in the middle,
And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle,
And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration,
And he sings the songs of long ago with faltering intonation:
And a phantom from the distant past his distant music brings,
And trooping from their dusty graves come long forgotten things,
When he tunes the ancient fiddle, and the old man sings.

And while the broken man is playing on the [illegible] broken fiddle,
And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle,
The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges,
Then we hear their clamor smothered by the sound of funeral dirges.
'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings,
And every life's a blind man's tune that's played on broken strings;
And so we sit in silence while the old man sings.

—E. M. Storey in Californian.

THE LOST YVONNE.

Steamer King Philip, Br., McDowell, Liverpool, mdse. and 53 cabin passengers, arrived at 7 p. m. yesterday. Fine weather, with moderate westerly winds throughout passage. Reports picked up sixth day out canvas covered canoe Yvonne, built by Higgins & Co., Boston. Found a "sweater" and silver Waltham watch, No. 2,267,120, in Yvonne. Owner supposed lost.

This is an extract from the shipping news published by a Boston paper one morning last August. My attention was called to it by a young man who sat beside me on a train coming into town from Riverside. He put his thumb on the place and handed me the paper with an excited gesture.

"My canoe—my watch—my sweater!" he said. "Been afloat three weeks today. I must go down to the King Philip and claim my property."

"Floated away by a rising tide from some place where you had drawn the canoe up, I suppose," said I.

"No. Haven't you heard how I lost my canoe? I've told so many people about it that I thought everybody in West Newton knew. But I was forgetting; you're almost a stranger there. Well, the Yvonne was blown out to sea and I with her."

"You don't say so! How did you manage to get ashore without her?"

"That's the story. I'll tell you all about it. There's time enough before we get to Boston.

"Three weeks ago today I got into the Yvonne at Kennebunkport and paddled out beyond the pier to sea. The weather was fine and the sea calm. There wasn't a curl on the water; nothing but the long ocean swell. Still I didn't feel quite comfortable out there. Were you ever at sea in a canoe? No?

"Well, perhaps you can imagine how the size of the water affected me. I had never before been out in a canoe on anything wider than the Charles between Riverside and Waltham. It wasn't that I felt in danger of capsizing or being unable to get back to land, but an oppressive sense of the enormous spread of the sea grew on me as I knelt in my cockleshell away out there, with my head only three feet or so from the billows.

"There was no island on the offing—nothing but sea and sky and gulls, except the red canoe of a young Englishman named Albert Edward Jones, who had gone out from Kennebunkport half an hour or so before I did.

"We called him 'Wales' Jones, and I must say that a more unsociable chap I never came across than he seemed. I suspect now that nothing worse than shyness was the matter with him.

"All day long he was paddling, generally out at sea, and certainly he was a wonderful hand in a canoe.

"Often he would stay out in a wind that sent bigger surf ashore than most of the bathers liked, and in he would come, fairly sliding along on the crest of some curling wave that would welter around his canoe near the pier so that you'd be sure he must go down before reaching quiet water in the river.

"I thought him foolhardy, though I could appreciate his great skill with the paddle. Most of the summer people regarded him as demented to run such risks.

"Well, it was the wish to practice on big water and the hope to pick up some of Wales' knack that took me out into the open that day. I said to myself, 'I'll go out first in a calm, and afterward in a gentle breeze, and after that in one not quite so gentle, and if I don't get drowned I'll gradually learn how to manage a canoe like Wales.'

"But the sea is treacherous. You don't catch me fooling with it any more on the calculation that it will stay just so.

"As I withstood my nervous feeling it nearly disappeared, and I paddled out perhaps a mile. The weather was perfectly clear. There was just a breath of air from the south at first. This died away after awhile. The afternoon sun beat fiercely down, and yet I sat so close to the cool water that I was not uncomfortably hot.

"I was paddling in 'trunks,' with my well tanned arms and shins bare. My sweater and my watch were in the stern, for I knelt before the second thwart.

"Instead of coming toward me, as any American fellow would have done on seeing me, Wales stood farther out, and I could barely make out the gleam of his red canoe through the heat spirals and faint mist that cling close to the sea on a hot, calm day. When I became convinced that he either didn't see me or wouldn't come in for a chat, I began to think of turning back to shore.

"In fact I did turn, but I still had plenty of daylight ahead of me. The shore seemed not more than a mile away, and I just sat there without paddling and let her swing on the billows.

"I suppose I must have fallen into a sort of dream. Though I did not sleep nor close my eyes, I wasn't taking notice of anything. How long this lasted I can't say, but I was suddenly roused by a faint shout from seaward. At that I turned to see Wales Jones coming in at a great pace.

"His double bladed paddle was going like the arms of an old fashioned windmill. He was within a quarter of a mile or so of me, and I could make out that he was down on one knee, with the other leg thrust out in front of him—his favorite attitude for putting on all steam.

"I got it into my head that he was 'hitting it up,' as he calls speeding, by showing me his superior pace, but pretty soon he jumped to his feet, pointed to shore with his paddle and shouted some words that I couldn't make out.

"There was no mistaking the gesture, though. I looked ashore to see the sky blackening with the coming of a squall.

"Well, sir, in about one minute, I guess, there was no shore to be seen. It had been blotted out. A front rain and wind came fairly shrieking over the water. I knew there was no use trying to paddle or control the Yvonne. The best thing I could do was to lie down and so give her my body for low ballast.

"As I stretched myself out in the bottom the squall broke over me with a fury that passed almost as quickly as it came. It was just as though some vast mouth had opened, given one long, mighty puff and closed again.

"Little more sea had risen than would come on a big pond with such a sudden gale. But where was Wales? I looked back as I turned toward shore. In the distance I saw the squall racing away. I was confident that it had fled past where I had seen the Englishman, yet not a glimpse of his red canoe did I catch.

"Before I had fairly searched the seaward horizon the wind came up of which the squall had been a forerunner. It was not what you'd call a great wind, but from the first I could feel that it was going to be a steady and a rising wind. It blew straight from shore, and I put in my paddle with wonder whether I had strength to make head against it long enough to save myself from being blown out to sea.

"I was in good condition, for I had been paddling on the Riverside reach six or eight miles almost every day since April, but pretty soon I began to see that I could not make the shore.

"The wind was no gale, you understand, but it was dead against me, and its pressure was as steady as a jackscrew's. The Yvonne is one of these 'girling' canoes, made on the bark canoe model and too high in the sides and ends for work in wind. Perhaps you know how hard it is to keep a canoe of that model straight into the wind's eye?

"Well, then, you can fancy how she fell off first to this side, and then when I corrected her to the other, as her nose caught the wind on coming up over wave after wave.

"The sea was rising. It was not high; it was not yet dangerous. I was under no fear of capsizing or being swamped. My fear was only that I could not make head against wave and wind. Not to do so meant to be blown out to sea.

"I could, I soon saw, get through the water more quickly by steering half across seas instead of dead against them, but I was sure the Yvonne drifted sidewise when I gave her quarter at all to the breeze. Those wide bottomed canoes have no such hold on the water as a Peterboro or a Rob Roy. Of course I could gain nothing by running quickly at an angle to the shore if I were drifting out from it at the same time, so I doggedly stuck to my straight-at-the-wind paddling.

"My one hope was that some yacht or catboat would come to me before my strength went, but not a vestige of canvas could I see except the sprit sail of some boat running to and fro in the river inside the Kennebunkport pier. I could see many people ashore, like puppets moving about, but I well knew that they were so accustomed to the sight of Wales at sea that they would never imagine me to be in danger in waves much smaller than the Englishman played with.

"Sea and wind gradually rose till I doubted whether I was gaining an inch. Little whitecaps began to break near me and greater ones in the northern and southern distances. If waves with formidable crests arose, I was sure they would pour over the Yvonne's sides.

"All the time I was thinking of the fate of Wales, fancying how his body was drifting down and down far behind me and imagining the same ending for myself. Twice I had turned to glance behind without making out his low sided, red canoe, so I was the more convinced she had been rolled upside down in the squall.

"Hello! Is this Brighton Station? I shall have to hurry up with the story. Well, I suppose I struggled in that situation for three-quarters of an hour without gaining 50 yards. All the time the waves were coming up higher till the crests ran past me in a swirl of bubbles. As the boys say, I thought my name was Dennis, and then I heard a distinct 'Ahoy, there!'

"I turned to the north to see Wales not more than 200 yards away. He was easily making head against the sea, though not running into the eye of the wind, but half across seas. I never saw anything prettier.

"Up he would climb lightly. On the crest his bow hovered in a boil of white water which he took always on his quarter with a movement that seemed to tip his canoe away from the crest. Then out would shoot the red witch of a Peterboro till half her length seemed to glisten clear of water, and down she went with the careless sweep of a gull.

"But Wales was not making as if to reach me. His course was northwestward at an angle away from mine, and from the peculiar swing of him it was plain that he was in a state of high satisfaction.

"'Ahoy, there!' he shouted again.

"'Ahoy!' I answered.

"'Are you all right?'

"'No, all wrong.'

"'That so? Then I'll come to you.'

"With one stroke of his long paddle he turned to the left in the trough, rose, taking the next crest on his north quarter, and in a few minutes was close alongside.

"'Are you making headway?' he asked me.

"I told him I thought not.

"'Let me see,' said he, and kept even pace with me for a minute.

"'No, you're losing,' he said. 'I wondered why I was overhauling you so fast. Of course she drifts if you give the wind her quarter. It's a bad scrape. Are you doing all you can?'

"'Every pound,' I said.

"'Well, what are you going to do about it?'

"'Nothing to do. I might as well let her drift, but for the shame of giving up so.'

"'Gammon!' he said and laughed.

"I thought this rather heartless, but said nothing.

"'I must get ashore and send out a catboat,' he said doubtfully.

"'I wish to goodness you would then,' I answered.

"'But then no catboat might be ready, or it might miss you. No, one of us must lose his canoe.'

"'That's pretty clear, and myself, too,' said I.

"'Gammon! The question is, Shall I get in with you or you get in with me?'

"'Gracious, you can't change into my canoe in this sea! And your canoe won't carry us both.'

"'She won't, eh?' he said as if annoyed.

"I suppose my remark decided him, for he was extremely proud of his canoe. Next instant he ran her bow close alongside of the Yvonne and spoke with an air of settling the whole matter.

"'Now do exactly what I say. When my canoe touches the side of yours, grab it and hold the two—both rails, mind—hold them together. Then rise up quickly, keep both hands on the two edges—the canoes will steady one another that way—then step right into my bow in front of the forward thwart. You understand? All right then. The moment you're on your knees in my canoe let yours go, and we'll paddle this old sea yet,' he concluded, with a queer burst of exultation.

"On going up the next crest I did exactly as he said. The Yvonne took the curl on her quarter and sheltered his red canoe so perfectly that she didn't ship a dipperful. As I knelt Wales shifted back to his canoe's stern and cried, 'Let go!'

"Next instant we were rising up a wave. My Englishman was so clever that he somehow shouldered off that crest without wetting me at all, and so we went on up and down, up and down, every wave threatening to swamp us and every crest thrust away as by a sort of miracle.

"After my nerves had got a little used to this sort of thing—mind you, we hadn't more than six inches of free board, and but for his dexterous tipping her away from the crests any one of them would been poured over—after I had begun to feel a bit easy I said:

"'Hang it all, I forgot my watch and sweater.'

"'Well, I don't think we can turn back safely,' he said as if he seriously thought of doing so.

"'Turn back! Not for all the watches at Waltham and all the sweaters in America,' I said.

"Well, we're almost at Huntington avenue. There's nothing more to tell, except that we got into the lee of the shore in half an hour and landed all right. When we did so, I turned to Wales—I was pretty grateful, you may be sure—and I said, holding out my hand:

"'You've saved my life. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.' What do you suppose he answered?"

"I can't imagine. What was it?"

"Simply 'Gammon!' Then he went off alone to his hotel, and I've never seen him from that moment."—Edward W. Thomson in Youth's Companion.

How Styles Are Sometimes Started.

The two sets in Paris that indulge in costly and stylish dress are the fashionable society ladies and the actresses who figure in the society plays that are given at the best theaters. These last named dress superbly and always in exquisite taste. Very often some new fashion becomes popular and spreads throughout the civilized world from having first been seen on the stage of the Comedie Francaise or the Vaudeville.

The oddest case of this kind took place at the last named theater when hoops were at the height of their vogue, and when the splendors in female attire of the second empire had been carried to their highest point. A piece, intended to satirize these extravagances in dress and called "Loud Dressing," was brought out. The actress who played the part of the heroine wore an enormous hoop and a dress loaded with ornaments and trimmings of every kind. This toilet produced exactly the contrary effect from what had been intended. The fashionable Parisian ladies were delighted with it, and it was copied and reproduced in all leading drawing rooms, beginning with that of the Tuileries.—Lucy Hooper in Home Journal.

A Happy Termination of a Duel.

At Cimarros two years ago one rancher accused another of cheating him at poker. They nearly killed one another on the spot, but finally decided to settle the matter by duel. It was agreed that two pistols should be put on a table under a blanket, only one being loaded, and that the combatants toss up for choice of weapons and then fire simultaneously.

The challenged man fired first, however, and finding that he had drawn the unloaded revolver he folded his arms and awaited death. The other took aim at his forehead, then slowly raised his pistol and fired through the ceiling, declaring that his opponent was too brave a man to be guilty of cheating at cards. The combatants became fast friends.—London Tit-Bits.

ELECTRIC TRACTION.

THE HYDRAULIC PRINCIPLE APPLIED TO ELECTRICITY.

How the Trolley Works—A Continuous Current That May Be Tapped at Any Point, Like a Water Main, Supplies the Motive Power For Thousands of Cars.

"Within a very few years," said President Lewis of the Brooklyn City Railroad company, "horse cars will be things of the past. All the big cities have adopted or are experimenting with cable or electric cars, and there is no likelihood of a return to the old system. The popular prejudice against the trolley is dying out, and as its cleanliness and superior accommodation and facilities are appreciated there will be an irrisistible demand for its introduction. There was a great outcry against it at first, principally because of the universal ignorance of electricity and dread of its application. Now that it has been practically demonstrated that travel on the trolley car is no more dangerous than in the horse car people are beginning to forget that they know absolutely nothing of the power by which they are carried nor of the manner in which that force is applied."

"Those are just the points The Eagle desires to explain to its readers."

"I cannot explain them. I am satisfied to accept the general result and to leave the intricacies of the system to the electricians and engineers."

The reporter found M. J. Starrett, the chief electrician of the Brooklyn City Railway company, in his office and propounded to him the questions that had floored President Lewis.

"The points are difficult to explain," said Mr. Starrett, "because of their simplicity yet comprehensibility. But I will try what I can do. You must keep in your mind's eye a picture of the tracks on which the car travels and the single wire above, which is connected with the car by the trolley pole. Then you must remember that under certain pressure electricity will flow through a wire the same as water will flow through a pipe. Electricity is generated by machinery at the power stations of the car companies and stored as water is stored in the reservoirs and is conducted through the wires by pressure as the water is conducted through the mains. The electricity forced through the wires is never expended as long as the pressure is kept up at the power station. It is drawn upon and does its work, returning to the power station through the rails and return wires laid under the tracks.

"In the same manner the water of an ornamental fountain spurts through tubes and falls to its reservoir to be spurted up and fall again ad infinitum. The big wires running alongside the car tracks are reservoirs of electricity—feeders, as it were, to the single trolley wire. These are carefully insulated except at the points of contact with the conducting feeders. The small wire could not contain the amount of electricity needed any more than a two inch pipe could carry more than two inches of water. That current of electricity is the propelling force of the trolley cars.

"Above each car is a pole. At the upper end of the pole is a metal wheel. The pole itself is made of hollow steel, because steel, a good conductor, is lighter and has more spring than any other material yet discovered. Wood, with a wire run through the center, would serve the same purpose, but would not be as cheap or as durable. The base of the trolley pole is joined to suitable wiring that, concealed in the woodwork of the car, connects beneath the car with the controlling devices that operate the wheels. There are four of these devices, and others are being invented and experimented with frequently.

"Two of these devices are for cutting off the current, and the others are for braking the wheels. The conductor of the car can also shut off the current by disconnecting the trolley pole from the overhead wire. With the devices under the car in operating order the current reaches the motor. There, under the manipulation of the motorman, it does its work in causing a shaft geared to the axles to revolve. The motor applying the pressure force to the electricity that reaches it from the overhead wire acts as a counterpart of the generator at the power station. The power there for the first time becomes mechanical and not electrical. The majority of the motors are of 25 horsepower each, and there are two to each car."

"Is there no danger of any accident from the uninsulated wire?" asked the reporter.

"None whatever. An accident is, to all intents and purposes, impossible. A sparrow resting on the wire would neither interrupt the current nor suffer from the contact. A man might climb to the wire and swing on it, and unless his feet touched the rails or rested on a piece of iron he would not feel the slightest shock. If he stood on a ladder with wooden rungs, it would be the same. If the wheels of a car were lifted from the tracks, the circuit would be cut and the trolley pole could not draw electricity from the wire. If a car should run off the track only an inch, it would stop for want of a propelling power. Stones are not conductors, and stones are laid between and outside all electric car tracks. The comparatively few accidents that have occurred since the development of the system are in no way to be attributed to electricity."

When the trolley system is fully developed on the 200 miles of streets controlled by the Brooklyn City company, electrical power will be supplied from three stations, each station independent of the other and furnishing a current for its own division only.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not a Good Example.

Mrs. Nagger (to servant)—I hear you're going to be married, Jane, so I suppose you will want to leave?

Servant—No, mum, I've broken it off. After seeing the life that you and master lead, I've decided never to marry, mum.—Tit-Bits.

The Oxeye Daisy.

The field daisy is an anomaly in the American flora. Formerly it was the most despised and detested of all noxious weeds. We say noxious because it was the abhorrence and often the despair of the farmer. His name for it was white weed, when, from a certain legend connected with it, it was not something worse. It was tenacious of its place in the soil when it once obtained a place there beyond any other nuisance of the grass field. Plowing did little good. If it did not still stay in the furrows, it would find its way out in the manure next year and uprear its saucy head more fresh and blooming than ever.

The worst of it all was that it was always beautiful. The æsthetic sense is not greatly developed in the average farmer, and when it conflicts with his profits if is never anywhere. He could not see its beauties, and in earlier days almost every one else was with him. But of late the beauty of the daisy has been too much for the sense of utility. It has become a fashionable flower. Its plenty no longer precludes it from this distinction.

Maidens go into ecstasies over it, as Oscar Wilde not long since bowed down in adoration to the sunflower. While it is but the worst of weeds in one quarter, it is enshrined in another. Here indeed is an anomaly, and it seems in a fair way to be continued.

Fashion has put its stamp on the flower to stay, while those to whom it is a nuisance will still regard it only as to the grass field what the canker worm or the caterpiller is to the orchard.—Boston Herald.

The Sissy Boy "Called Down."

It was on an Illinois Central train. A gentleman who loves pure air had opened a window and was soon made aware of the fact that his action had incurred the displeasure of a young fellow in sissy boy bangs and the two young ladies who accompanied him. "Aside" remarks were made. The young man turned up his coat collar and pretended he was cold. The ladies imitated him in all the smart things he did, but securing no relief the young man with the sissy bangs asked the gentleman who had opened the window to close it, which he did promptly. He wasn't even thanked, and the trio kept on talking about persons who opened windows on trains, left doors open, etc.

At Van Buren street Mr. Sissy Bangs and the young ladies, who were dressed in white, arose to go. Turning about, the escort said to the gentleman who had closed the window and who had not been thanked for it:

"Sorry, don't ye know, to make you too warm, but you were soiling the ladies' dresses, which are white. The soot came in the"——

"Here's my card," interrupted the gentleman addressed, who thought he had suffered the cad about long enough—"here's my card. I sympathize heartily with persons who are obliged to economize about their wash, and if you will kindly send me the young ladies' laundry bill I"——

But the girls were gone, and Sissy Boy followed in the midst of a general laugh at his expense.—Chicago Globe.

Told of the Late J. C. Breckinridge.

A good story of General John C. Breckinridge is said to have been told by himself, with evident relish, not long before his death. In talking to some friends about the many kindnesses which had been shown him by his people and the pleasant things which had been said to him, he remarked that he valued as highly as any compliment he had ever received one which an old Kentucky farmer paid him during the war, which had come to his ears only a short time before.

It was the custom in war time, as it has always been at all times, for the country people to come into the county town on Saturday afternoon to exchange news gathered during the week.

At one of these gatherings in a store in Richmond, Ky., just after the battle of Chickamauga, one of the men said he had heard some grand news. Upon being pressed to tell it he said gravely:

"I did hear that thar has been a most powerful fight down in Tennessee, and they says that for a long time it went mighty agin our folks, but that then Mr. Breckinridge come forrard and asked the privilege of the field for just 15 minutes, and they do say that he slew 30,000!"

Which statement was received with due respect by the assembled company, although it appeared to occasion a slight ripple of surprise, much to the narrator's satisfaction.—Youth's Companion.

Charles Keene's Anecdotes.

The anecdotes of Charles Keene, the famous Punch artist, picked up on his own account, are so crisp and fresh that to quote them is enough to indicate the character of the discoverer. Thus he wrote:

"Got a story today of a British farmer on board a steamer, suffering a good deal from the rolling, saying to a friend: 'This capt'n don't understand his business. Dang it, why don't he keep in the furrows?'" And again: "I heard a story of a well brought up child, who was seen to secretly purloin and pocket an orange from the laid-out dinner table, but was afterward seen to enter the empty room and secretly again return it to the dish and triumphantly exclaim, 'Sold again, Satan!'" And: "A story last night of an Aberdonian, who, making a morning call, was asked if he 'wud take a dram.' He soberly declined. 'Twas too airly the day,' besides, he'd had a gill already."—London Athenæum.

One Way of Collecting.

"Are you and Dedbroke really such intimate friends as he tries to make out?"

"I don't know. What does he say?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, only he creates the general impression that you and he sleep in the same bed."

"Is that so? We never have, but I guess we'll be obliged to unless he finds some way to pay up all the money I've loaned him."—Detroit Tribune.

WAS NOAH BURIED TWICE?

Two Graves of the Patriarch, One of Which Is Sixty-four Feet Long.

In a former article I gave a pen picture of the "tomb of Noah" as it now exists near the ruins of an old fortress at Nakhtchevan, Armenia. According to Eastwick's "Three Years In the East," this old Armenian tomb is annually visited by thousands of pilgrims of all faiths, including Mohammedans and Turcomans, who make wearisome journeys of hundreds of miles in order to do reverence to our common ancestor. But, like all other relics which have the beginning of their history in tradition, this supposed tomb of the builder of the ark, half hidden among the hoary ruins on the Armenian plains, has a rival standing almost within the shadows of the cedars of Lebanon.

Henniker's "Palestine In 1890" says: About two miles east of Zakhle is the village of Kerak, not far from which, on the last declivity of Lebanon, there is a round mosque. This is erected over still older relics which are held in great reverence by Moslems and Christians alike, it being the reputed tomb of Noah the Patriarch. The structure is now a part of an ancient aqueduct and is regarded by superstitious thousands as being a place of eminent sanctity. Walls have been built around it, and at certain seasons of the year the Maronites in particular make long pilgrimages to visit it.

In his old age, so tradition says, Noah entreated God as a particular favor that he might be allowed to end his days in the shade of the beautiful cedars of Lebanon, and there to prepare his place of burial. The patriarch's prayers were granted, but shortly before his death he committed some transgression, and to punish him God cut off a part of the tomb which had been constructed to receive the patriarch's remains.

This being the case, it is clear that Noah could not be buried at full length, but was laid to rest with his legs doubled up under his thighs, so as to make the remains conform with the size of the diminished tomb. But, taking everything into consideration, he must have been a giant of giants, for the tomb, even in its curtailed state, is 64 feet long.—St. Louis Republic.

Delayed the Train to Look For Teeth.

Several years ago, while temporarily in charge of a division on one of the southern trunk lines, an incident came under my observation which for oddity seemed worthy of notice outside of the regular office record. We were handling an unusually large amount of freight, and, as is the custom in such cases, were watching delays to trains very closely, calling to account all offenders who could not show a good excuse. On going to the telegraph office one evening to look over the situation the dispatcher on duty called my attention to a delay of 40 minutes to a freight train, for which the conductor had sent a message report reading, "Delayed looking for fireman's teeth."

As this seemed to be a piece of levity, I ordered him to report to the office on arrival. This he did, and to my surprise he confirmed the telegraphic report. It seemed that the fireman had just purchased a new set of "store teeth," and not being accustomed to them had lost the upper plate while standing in the "gangway" getting a breath of air. He promptly told the engineer, who stopped the train, and the whole crew went back with lanterns to look for the property. It was found and restored to the owner, and the train then proceeded. The master mechanic was instructed to direct the fireman to keep his mouth closed while on duty, and the papers were duly filed in the records, where they can still be found. I have seen many excuses for delays, but no other cases like this.—Pittsburg Post.

The Affections of the Arab.

An Arab—meaning a tent dweller, for in an equine sense the town dweller is no Arab—loves first and above all his horse. No need to recite the oft sung affection he will lavish upon him. Next he loves his firearm. This, poetically speaking, ought to be a six foot, gold inlaid, muzzle loading horror of a matchlock, which would kick any man but an Arab flat on his back at every shot, but actually, in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is rather more apt to be a modern English breechloader. You must fly from the busy haunts of men to find the matchlock.

Next to his gun he loves his oldest son, Last comes his wife or one of his wives. Daughters don't even count. I mean the Arab scarcely takes the trouble to count them, unless in so far as they can minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry—in other words, to make a still worse slave of one of them, she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eyes on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, be it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

Nail Biting Among Children.

The subject of nail biting among children is well worthy consideration. M. Berillon, a French doctor, has been directing his attention for some time past to it. He finds that the habit or disease is extremely common. In a public school in Paris out of 265 pupils examined during the month of April last 63—that is to say, nearly one-fourth—were addicted to biting their finger nails. Curiously enough, results vary greatly in different districts and in different schools in the same districts.

It seems that girls are more given to the habit than boys. In one girls' school in the department of the Yonne 11 out of 21 were confirmed nail biters. In another girls' school the proportion was 61 out of 207 pupils, and of those 61, 15 were found to be in the habit of biting the nails of both hands and the others of biting only those of one hand. M. Berillon recognizes that nervousness has much to do with the habit.

AN INNOCENT IN A HOTEL.

A Stranger Gets Into a Hotel Office and Makes Things Lively.

There is stopping at the Great Northern an old countryman, who was in former years an intimate acquaintance of Colonel Saye, the night clerk. He went out Sunday afternoon and returned to the hotel some time after midnight feeling a bit frisky. Presuming upon his acquaintance with the night clerk, he opened the gate and went behind the counter to show the clerk how to attend to his business. While Colonel Saye's attention was called away, the old fellow sat down on a stool behind the counter and innocently leaned his broad and weary back against about 30 of the push buttons on the annunciator.

An electric wire connects these buttons in the rooms above with gongs which make a peculiar and astonishing amount of noise, especially when they start suddenly after midnight and keep up the racket without cessation. Well, when the old man leaned his back against the annunciator the noise began up stairs, but of course he didn't hear it, so he continued to sit there and push the buttons.

Many people had left calls so as to catch their trains. They got up and began to dress, but they couldn't imagine why the deafening noise continued after they had pushed the button in response to signify that they were up. The others were panic stricken. The halls were soon filled with men and women in all kinds of deshabille. Each door as it was opened let an additional noise into the hall, until with the oaths of the men and the screams of the women it seemed a perfect bedlam. People became mixed up and got into rooms with others whom they had never seen. One man, after the scare was over, never discovered that he was in the wrong room until getting in bed he almost mashed a baby.

Of course there was a rush for the office. The clerk opened his eyes and grabbed his gun as everybody fired questions at him at once. He said he couldn't explain it, but they must be crazy. Then he looked around and saw the old "chump" sitting on the stool, with an innocent, inane, toothless smile stretching across his sun bronzed face. Colonel Saye pulled him up by the collar and told him what he had been doing.

"Well, I'll be gol darned," was all he said then, but as the people started up stairs he said, "I'm sorry I disturbed the good people, but who'd ha' believed that that darn board could make all that noise when it only had a man's back a-leanin against it." Then he went over and began to push a white spot on the new postal box. He thought he was ringing for the elevator.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Knew Her Own Game Best.

Just beside that triumph of sculpture representing the late Samuel S. Cox in the act of trying to catch an Eighth street car a tired truck horse stood in the shafts. The driver had gone to refresh himself in a nearby saloon and had first unshipped the horse's headstall that he might stand the more easily. A little wisened woman, ugly as Punch, dressed in rusty black clothes and carrying an old fashioned reticule embroidered with colored worsted, came ambling along the walk, mumbling to herself. When she saw the horse, she stopped and took some lumps of sugar out of her little bag. She put one of them between her lips and marched up under the horse's nose. The intelligent animal sniffed, looked and saw the sugar. He also saw the little old woman who held the sweet morsel in such a forbidding setting. The horse hesitated, wiggled his upper lip and gathered in the sugar. The woman rubbed her hand over her face where the horse's lips had brushed it. The ceremony was repeated several times, and just as the last lump was gone the driver reappeared.

"What yer doin to that horse?" he demanded.

"Gimme 5 cents," said the old woman stoutly. "I've been giving your horse all my sugar because you went off to drink alone and left him."

The man refused. The crowd howled with laughter and gave all sorts of advice. The little old woman repeated her demand. The driver finally fished out the coin and drove off, while the old woman went her way talking to herself and smirking and courtesying as the crowd parted to let her pass.—New York Times.

Mr. Edison Hates a Telephone.

"What makes you work?" I asked with real curiosity. "What impels you to this constant, tireless struggle? You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money it makes, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it," Mr. Edison answered after a moment of puzzled expression, and then he repeated his reply several times as if mine was a proposition that had not occurred to him before. "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?" I asked, struck by his emphatic tone.

"Yes," he affirmed, "when it is all done and is a success I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in 10 years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."—C. D. Lanier in Review of Reviews.

The Nick In a Man's Coat Collar.

The little V shaped nick at the juncture of the coat collar and lapel is said to have had its origin as follows: When the first Napoleon gave way to his ambition, he tried to implicate General Moreau in Pichegru's conspiracy. Moreau had been Napoleon's superior and was very popular, but under the circumstances it was not safe to express publicly any sympathy with Moreau, so his admirers secretly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show who they were. It shows the outline of the letter M upside down. —Washington Star.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

There's a beautiful realm in the faraway past,
All lovely with sunshine and flowers,
And voices as sweet as the song of the birds
Laugh away the bright, happy hours;
I can hear them now come echoing back,
As I watch the starry dome,
And memory bells chime soft and low—
Home, sweet home.

The voices loved so in that long ago,
And those which make music now,
The coming step and the hand whose touch
Lingers gently on my brow—
I hope to greet in that fadeless realm,
Beyond the starry dome,
Where angel voices welcome breathe to
Home, sweet home.

A Nonpoisonous Disinfectant.

Science has been enriched by a medical discovery as important in the domain of therapeutics as chloroform, laudanum and quinine. The great theory of infection by baccilus forms requires, in order to be fruitful of benefit to mankind, the discovery of a powerful germicide. In carbolic acid, in corrosive sublimate and in potassium permanganate science has made long strides in the direction of adequate antiseptics and bacillicides, but these drugs all have their drawbacks. Now, however, Dr. Worrall, a noted scientist, claims to have found among the coal products a disinfecting body apparently superior to all previous ones.

He has named it izal, and Dr. Klein, after a series of exhaustive laboratory experiments, is said to have found it absolutely destructive of the spores of some of the most intractable and malignant diseases. Unlike most powerful disinfectants, it is nonpoisonous to human beings and may be taken internally diluted, while Dr. Klein's experiments go to prove that, diluted with 200 parts water, izal absolutely destroys the vitality of the microbes of diphtheria, scarlatina, glanders, erysipelas and cholera.—New York Telegram.

A Whist Player.

Colley Cibber was playing cards one night at Tom's coffee house in Russell street, Covent Garden, one of the few houses in London which were only open to subscribers. As the cards were dealt to the playful Colley, "he took up every one in turn and expressed his disappointment at every indifferent one." As the game went on, he did not follow suit, whereupon the testy old general cried out, "What, have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" The poet laureate, nothing abashed, looked at his cards and answered, "Oh, yes, a thousand," a reply which drew forth a very short and peevish comment from the general. Colley, who was a very cool customer and was besides "shockingly addicted to swearing," as the narrative says, retorted with "Don't be angry, general, for, damme, I can play 10 times worse if I like."—Temple Bar.

Fire Will Not Destroy It.

Asbestus is a mineral fiber of the hornblende variety. It derives its name from a Greek word which signifies "indestructible by fire." The ancients were familiar with its uses and the modes of obtaining it, yet strange to say always alluded to it as a vegetable production. It was used in all their funeral rites, but particularly where cremation was practiced, the corpse being wrapped in an asbestus cloth so as to keep the ashes of the dead person from mingling with those of the wood or other combustibles used in incineration of the remains. The people of Egypt and many other countries of the ancients, especially the royal and wealthy classes, made towels, napkins, tablecloths, etc., of asbestus and cleaned them by throwing them into the fire.—St. Louis Republic.

Costly Railroads.

The costliest mile of railway is a mile measured on the steel portion of the Forth bridge. The length of this portion is a mile and 20 yards, and the cost of it was considerably over £2,000,000.

The most expensive railway system in the world is the "Inner Circle" line of London, which cost, including the purchase of land, from £600,000 to nearly £1,000,000 per mile. The last constructed mile, between the Mansion house and Aldgate, cost altogether, including "compensations," nearly £2,000,000.—London Letter.

Not a Lecture After All.

"'Scuse me," he said to the other passenger on the rear platform of a Michigan avenue car, "but do you use tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply of the man as he turned his head and kept his hands folded in front of him. Nothing more was said for 10 long minutes, and then the inquirer coolly drew a plug from his coattail pocket and calmly said:

"So do I. Have a chaw!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Hot Poker Delusion.

An interesting delusion is produced by looking along a redhot poker at some small object (a coin or a letter stuck upon a wall) removed from the eye a distance of from four to six feet. Direct the gaze intently for a few seconds, and you will presently see an inverted image of the object hanging near the end of the poker.—St. Louis Republic.

According to the director of the physical observatory of St. Petersburg, M. Wild, the coldest inhabited spot on earth is the village of Verkhoiansk on the Yana river in northeastern Siberia, about 100 miles north of the polar circle in latitude 67 degrees 34 minutes.

A masterpiece in mechanical construction has been built in Glasgow, a vertical and horizontal planing machine, for the use of marine engineers and others when ordinary planing machines are insufficient.

Bridal favors are of Danish origin. For instance, the true lover's knot was a Danish fancy and took its name from the expression, "Truelofa"—"I plight my troth."

Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.—Cardinal Wolsey.

Martha Washington Cook Book FREE

For 10 Cents in Stamps SENT POSTPAID

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. Co. has issued a special edition of the Martha Washington Cook Book, 350 pages and fully illustrated. This Cook Book is in use on the dining cars on the C., H. & D., between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Chicago, on which are served meals unequaled for their perfect cooking. The book will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of the ten cents in stamps.

The C., H. & D., in connection with the Monon, is the "World's Fair Route," and only line running Pullman Safety Vestibuled trains, with dining cars, between Cincinnati and Chicago. Address, E. O. McCormick, General Passenger & Ticket Agent, "World's Fair Route," 200 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, inclosing ten cents in stamps. To insure prompt returns, write your name and address plainly.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Hensly, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3033 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Punch, V-P; E P O'Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Tres. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernis hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5029 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagher, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; H J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dennis hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3023 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John O Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Mich'l Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh-st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2717 Wentworth-av; Thos McKay, V-P; James Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhay, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Edward Hayes, Pres, 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Eitchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo U Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 523 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Morrin, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Ignatius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Ladin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1935 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Howson, Rec Sec, 35 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMann, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoppe, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas. Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 3958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas. Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas. Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halleran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas. Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 558 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas. Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d s.; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, F J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1061 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 359 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9225 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4069 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, F E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 186 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 36 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrecht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 339 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Keefe. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rubl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 238 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 362 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2963 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2930 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face; Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The hook and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $30.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the finenese and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch. Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, ORANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Orange-hunting" or open face, $30.00.
No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.
No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.
No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (5 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.
No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember, you can also have works in the nickel or in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.35. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch,

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,

413 WEST TWELFTH STREET.

CONDUCTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS.

CLASSICAL, COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY DEPARTMENTS,

Opening of Fall Term, Monday, Sept. 11. For further information apply to the President,

REV. T. S. FITZGERALD, S. J.

ST. XAVIER'S ACADEMY,

Wabash Avenue & Twenty-Ninth Street. Chicago.

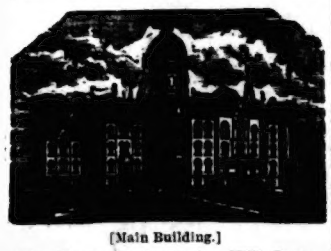
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

Pupils receive a thorough course of instruction in the various branches of learning that comprise a solid, useful and polite education. By its charter, obtained February 27, 1847, ST. XAVIER'S ACADEMY enjoys all the privileges of the first institutions of the country. The building is one of the handsomest in the city, spacious, well-lighted and excellently adapted to educational purposes.

Term opens for boarders and day scholars on the first Monday of September. For further particulars address

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.



[Main Building.]

The Ninety-Ninth Session Will Open TUESDAY, SEPT. 12TH.

——FULL COURSES IN——

Classics, Letters, Science, Law, Civil and Mechanical Engineering. Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL, for boys under 13, is unique in the completeness of its equipment. A limited number of candidates for the ecclesiastical state will be received at special rates.

Catalogues sent free on application to

REV. THOMAS E. WALSH, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana.

St. MARY'S ACADEMY.

(ONE MILE WEST OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.)

The 77th Academic Term Will Open Monday, Sept. 4th.

The Academic Course is thorough in the Preparatory, Senior and Classical Grades. Music Department, on the plan of the best Conservatories of Europe, is under the charge of a complete corps of teachers. Studio modeled on the great Art Schools of Europe. Drawing and painting from life and the antique. Phonography and Type-Writing taught. Buildings equipped with Fire Escape. A separate department for children under 13. Apply for catalogue to Directress of the Academy,

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,

Notre Dame P. O. St. Joseph Co., Ind.

JOHN T. O'CONNELL,

88 Washington-st, Chicago.

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

BUILDING LOANS A SPECIALTY.

Special Attention Given to the Interests of Non-Residents.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON THE TEA MAN

20-22 STATE STREET.

Branches { 60 CHICAGO AV. 280 BLUE ISLAND AV.

$300 to be paid for falsifying circulars to cover results by one of advertisers. BOTTLERS wanted, route, for soda trade. ADVERTISERS BUREAU, 39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS

FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

$5 to $15 per day, at home, selling LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, &c. Plates the finest of jewelry gold as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating. Wholesale to agents $3. Write for circulars. H. E. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O.

SHOURDS & KASPER,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evenings

T. J. ROWAN,

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

ILLINOIS BANK BUILDING,

115-117 DEARBORN ST., ROOM 23. CHICAGO.

Cash or Easy Payments.

All Household Goods.

237 & 239 SOUTH HALSTED ST.

OPEN EVENINGS.

SPECIAL

EASY PAYMENTS.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.

Dress Goods, Cloaks and Shawls. Gents' and Boys' Suits and Overcoats. Furniture, Carpets, Pianos and Organs.

JAMES T. CLARKE,

MANAGER.

134 EAST VAN BUREN STREET,

ROOM 321. OMAHA BUILDING.

S. E. Cor. Pacific-av. and Van Buren-st.

GLASS! GLASS!

Kinsella Glass Company

207 S. CANAL-ST., CHICAGO.

Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental Glass, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

FURNITURE,

Stoves, Carpets, Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 Archer-av.

No Cure. No Pay!

DR. KEAN

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

Established 1864.

159 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

FREE PORTRAITS —AND— FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged life-like portraits (together with frame complete) ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH, and we will forfeit ONE HUNDRED dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to Brooklyn Art Union, 627 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all banks and Express Co's. in New York and Brooklyn.

Put your name and address back of photos.

RIPANS TABULES

act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One TABULE taken at the first indication of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you SUFFER FROM HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, ... TAKE **RIPANS TABULES**

If you are BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED, or have A DISORDERED LIVER, ... TAKE **RIPANS TABULES**

If your COMPLEXION IS SALLOW, or you SUFFER DISTRESS AFTER EATING, . . TAKE **RIPANS TABULES**

For OFFENSIVE BREATH and ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, ... TAKE **RIPANS TABULES**

Ripans Tabules are prepared from a prescription widely used by the best physicians, and are presented in a form acceptable to the stomach.

An infallible cure if given a fair trial. Contain nothing injurious.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Easy to Take, Quick to Act, Save many a Doctor's Bill.

SOLD BY

LORD, OWEN & CO.,

72 & 74 Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

AND BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

Business Directory.

JOHN BEEGAN, Hatter and Parade Furnisher. Supplies all kinds of Uniform Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges, Banners, Flags, Supplies. 228 S. Halsted-st., Chicago. Telephone 4092.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M. Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 150 to 166 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916 Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st, Chicago. Telephone 931.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove engths, $6. per cord delivered. Office and Yard 303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors, 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BEIRNE, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 349 W. Harrison St. Orders Called For and Delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dublin. 113 Erie-st, corner Market, Chicago.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JACOB WEST, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Jacob West, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A.D. 1893, being the 16th day thereof. Dated Chicago, August 16, 1893.

JACOB WEST, Executor.

David Sullivan Attorney for said estate.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE, Or Sending for Your Friends,

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet, 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 15 hours, 6 min.

TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.

BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 52 min.

GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.

ADRIATIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.

H. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,

84 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.

UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

JAMES HALNAN,

UNDERTAKING AND LIVERY.

Embalming a Specialty. Carriages for Weddings, Parties and Funerals.

4849 ASHLAND AV. Telephone, Yards 543

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.

134 WEST MADISON STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

"Campania"

"Lucania"

The New Twin Screw Steamships.

620 ft Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 Horse-Power.

Positively the Largest and Most Magnificent Steamers in the World.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

and others, averaging over 510 feet long, 7,500 tons, and 14,000 horse-power: the whole comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

Two and three sailings weekly (including Boston Steamers), forming a service unequalled by any line now in existence.

Tickets to and from all the principal English, Irish, Scotch, Scandinavian, and Finnish ports at rates as low as by any first-class passenger line.

The character, record, and general reputation of this Line for Safety, Comfort, and Speed—having never lost a passenger during the 52 years of its existence, needs no comment.

Average time: about six days.

Fastest time: 5 days, 15 hours, 37 minutes.

See Cunard Line unique and historical exhibit, including model of "Campania," in Transportation Building, World's Fair.

F. G. WHITING, Manager West. Dep't.

131 Randolph-St., Chicago.

AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS,

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London

The shortest and most convenient route to London. Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY, 32 CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass Ag't.

Imperial Folio, new type, surfaced paper, beautiful and artistic illustratio Publication in 25 parts of 40 pages each, at $1 a part, to begin with Opening Exposition. Sold only by subscription.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR

An Historical and Descriptive presentation of the World's Science, Art, a Industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. I signed to set forth the Display made by the Congress of Nations, of hum achievement in material forms, so as the more effectually to illustrate the Pr ress of Mankind in all the departments of Civilized Life.

By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

Regular Edition and Edition *de Luxe*, limited.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY, Publishers, History Building, San Francisco, Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

No Library can be complete in American History without Mr. Bancro Works, consisting of Native Races; Central America; Mexico; Texas; Arizo and New Mexico; California; Northwest Coast; Oregon; Washington, Idaho a Montana; British Columbia; Alaska; Utah; Nevada, Wyoming and Colora Popular Tribunals; California Pastoral; California Inter-Pocula; Essays and M cellany; Literary Industries.

"It is certainly a worthy scheme, and carried out most conscientiously." *London Spectator.* "Written with dramatic penetration and genius."—*Brit Quarterly Review.* "A monument to the writer's intelligence and industry." *New York Herald.* "Admirable for its vigor and freshness."—*London Tim* "Mr. Bancroft's volumes will increase in value as the years go by."—*Bos Traveler.* "From these volumes must be drawn hereafter, the only trustwort history of these parts."—*Century.* "He is the Herbert Spencer of Historians." *Boston Journal.* "Most remarkable and instructive work."—*London Post.* "La the generation under a debt of obligation."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.* "One of the noblest literary enterprises of our day."—*John G. Whittier.* "It will mark a new era in history writing."—*Chicago Times.* "His volumes are really a marvel of research, discrimination, and industry."—*New York Tribune.* "Many English and American writers of eminence, including Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Arthur Helps, J. W. Draper, W. H. Lecky, and J. R. Lowell, have already testified to the value of Mr. Bancroft's Historical labors."—*London Times.*

A new book entitled THE RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT OF MEXICO, 8vo, illustrated, has just been issued in Spanish and in English. It was written by Mr. Bancroft at the request of President Diaz, every part of the Republic being visited for the latest and most accurate information.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY, Publishers.

History Building, San Francisco, Cal. Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO. (INCORPORATED)

WHISKIES IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

29 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

M'AVOY BREWING COMPANY,

2349 South Park Av.

Pure Lager Beer. Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.

TELEPHONE SOUTH 257.

COOKE Brewing Co.,

Foot of 27th St.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

Telephone 8298.

CONRAD SEIPP Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER. PILSENER BEER.

KEELEY Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS AND Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.

CHICAGO ILL.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST BREWING COMPANY'S BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.

CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS

HERMAN PABST, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.